





No. 2788

Lib

BOSTO

N. B.

*Library of*  
**ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY**



**BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS**

M 420

8

1873-1874











THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

A MISCELLANY OF

CATHOLIC KNOWLEDGE AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

---

VOL. V.

FROM MAY TO OCTOBER, 1873.

---

LIBRARY  
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY  
BRIGHTON, MASS.

PHILADELPHIA:  
HARDY & MAHONY,

726 SANSON STREET.

1873.

2000 1100 32  
1000 1000 1000



# CONTENTS.

## VOL. V.

	PAGE		PAGE
Beauty and Utility of True Scientific Geology, The.....	149	More about the Management of our House of Refuge.....	46
Batchelor's View of Cheerfulness, A.....	182	My Blind Sister.....	53
Blessed Mary, Holy Mother of Consolation... ..	381	Month of Mary, The.....	61
Carroll Charles, of Carrollton, a Catholic Hero for the Coming Centennial.....	65	My Landlady's Portrait.....	177
Catholic Church the Guardian of Society, and the True Upholder of Law, Order, and Liberty, The.....	193	Miss Preston's Venture.....	239
Conferences on the Bible and the Church, 95, 239, 308, 370		Maggie's Rival.....	352
Civilization in Ireland before the Norman Conquest .....	120	Matin Hymn for the Feast of our Lady's Purity.....	380
"Called Away".....	330	Napoleon's Three Warnings.....	304
Chinese Fortune-Tellers.....	348	Origin of man and his place in Nature.....	1
Double Betrothal, The.....	161	Our Lady's Knight .....	102
Dear Children, The.....	224	Our Lady of the Isle.....	204
Earth.....	77	Our Colleges and their Catalogues.....	216
Education without Religion.....	123	Outcast One, The.....	267
Exemplary Scholar, Frederic Ozanam, An, 285, 358		Pius IX, as Man, Pontiff, and King.....	170
Event of My Life, The.....	373	Poetry of Geology, The.....	280
Farewell .....	160	Pilgrimage to Paray le Monial, The.....	376
Festival of St. Augustine, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor of the Church.....	210	Question of Gumption, A.....	257
Gertrude Leigh.....	314	Rose Leblanc—continued.....	13, 78, 137
Hymns of the Roman Office, for Easter and Paschaltide, metrically translated from the Breviary and Missal.....	11	Revival of Catholicity in England, The.....	187
Honesta's Sorrow.....	225, 268	Story of the California Missions.....	25
Home Education, a word to Catholic Parents, 297		Spring.....	59
In the Strife.....	36	Story of Michael Angelo, A.....	90
Invalid to Spring, The.....	98	Sympathy.....	102
Is the Press Secular or Protestant.....	322	Some Recollections of Father DeSmet.....	129
Institution and Characteristics of the Church	343	Sister's Sacrifice, A.....	205
Love and Duty, an Irish story.....	37	Sister Mary, a sketch.....	293
Lauda Sion.....	135	Strive, Wait, and Pray.....	329
Legend of Saint Frances, The.....	186	The Flower I Gave You.....	342
		Unopened Buds.....	126
		Voice, an Index to Character, The.....	99
		Vesper Hymn for the Feast of Saint Augustine.....	248
		Visit to the Shrine of St. Alphonsus Ligouri, A.....	317
		Women and their Dress.....	249

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Amulet, The.....	128	Meditation of the Most Blessed Virgin.....	255
Church Defence.—Report of a Conference on the Present Dangers of the Church.....	62	Nesbitts, The; or, A Mother's Prayer.....	64
Constance and Marion.....	63	Normal Elementary Arithmetic, The.....	64
Course of Philosophy, A.....	320	Only a Pin.....	128
Dorie Henry, the Martyr, The Life of.....	62	O'Connell, Daniel, The Life and Times of.....	190
Doctrine of Hell.....	192	Out of Sweet Solitude.....	252
Elements of Algebra.....	64	Progressionists, The, and Angela.....	127
Elementary Grammar.....	64	Peter's Journey and other Tales.....	192
Elements of Philosophy.....	127	Points of History.....	320
Familiar Compend of Geology, A.....	64	Scrambles amongst the Alps.....	319
Gallitzin, Demetius Augustine, Prince and Priest, The Life of.....	126	Select Orations of Cicero.....	383
Grammar of the Latin Language, A.....	255	Sacred Eloquence, or the Theory and Practice of Preaching.....	383
House of Gold, and the Saints of Nazareth, The.....	384	Sketches of Irish Soldiers in every Land.....	384
Illustrated Sunday-School Library, The.....	191	Tenth Annual Report of the New York Catholic Protectory.....	63
Irish Martyrs, The Lives of.....	192	Threshold of the Catholic Church, The.....	319
Irish Race, The.....	254	Venard, J. Theophant, Martyr in Tonguin, The Life of.....	62
Limerick Veteran, The.....	256	Valiant Woman, The.....	383
		Wild Times.....	63
		Winged Word, A.....	192



THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

---

VOL. V, No. 25.—MAY, 1873.

---

## THE ORIGIN OF MAN AND HIS PLACE IN NATURE.

ALL the physical sciences have their proper bearings on revelation, especially in the first chapter of Genesis. And this is what might be expected, for between God's words and his works there must exist a perfect harmony. As the opening chapter of Genesis records the ordering of the world which was to regulate it to the end of time, also the origin of man with his specific characteristics, the actual working of the vast machine throughout all its parts and the industry of the noble master of the earth throughout all generations should be to harmonize with the great plan of creation sketched by Moses. Therefore physical facts and physical laws—which are but the general realizations of such facts—and the physical sciences, which are but such facts and laws reduced to a system, should one and all be found to accord with the order of the world, delineated in the first chapter of Genesis. And they do so accord. Indeed how could we think the contrary possible, unless we had the boldness to deny, that regular sequence of cause and ef-

fect, that unvarying harmony, that stability, which all experience teaches us, have ever marked the course of physical events: or unless with equal boldness we should dare to affirm, that between the two branches of God's truth, namely, the truth of revelation and the experimental truths of the physical sciences, there was a contradiction?

The connection then between revelation and the physical sciences is obvious and the harmony perfect. This deeply important subject has been discussed by different writers from different motives, and has been treated with varied ability. Not one of the sciences but has been the battle-field in the combats between truth and error, and if a portion of the disputed ground has now and then fallen into the enemy's hands, it is a matter of congratulation that their hold of it has been of short duration. Each day some part on which they have hoisted the banner, and on which they have hoped to establish a lasting footing, has been conquered back and reannexed to

the domain of truth to which it of right belonged. The purest ideal theories have designed brittle though brilliant systems constructed for the most conflicting purposes. Scientific men have looked into the depths of the earth, unto the luminous heights of the heavens, and into the bowels and bones of brute beasts, like the soothsayers of old, to read the history of the past; and fancying that the inspection gave them an insight into the hidden things of nature, they have delivered their responses touching the origin of the world and of man, as so many undoubted oracles; oracles, however, so contradictory one to another, as to ruin the claims of their authors to the gift of supreme intelligence.

"This world," says Buffon, "was at first a fragment of the sun, detached from that central body by the collision of a comet," and the renowned author developed his theory with singular ability indeed, but whence came the sun and the comet, without which he could not construct his theory, he omits altogether to inform us. Then we have theories of the Plutonians saying, that the earth was at first one vast ocean of liquid fire, which gradually cooled down, until at length the surface was solidified into the earth's crust. No, says the Neptunian, the earth was at first invested with one chaotic ocean, holding the materials of all rocks in solution, from the waters of which they were by and by precipitated. No, says a third, all space was at first filled with atoms of ethereal matter, after a time condensed into nebulae, which nebulae were further condensed into the sun, the stars and the planets, of which last, the earth underwent a cooling process to fit it for becoming what it is, the habitation of organized beings. Then with regard to man, one asserts the multiple origin of mankind through the

creation of different races in distinct zoological zones, thus contradicting the biblical account of the derivation of all men from a single pair, and the distribution of mankind into communities and nations from a common centre in Western Asia. Another will have it that all animals and plants have descended from some one prototype, and putting Adam and Eve out of the way, looks back through a bewildering number of years to a simple progenitor, a worm, perhaps, or a bit of sponge, or some animated shell.

The great guide of this school is Mr. Darwin, who must be a funny kind of a gentleman. In the elaboration of his theory, which has caused great and unaccountable sensation in the scientific and literary world, he believes that animals have descended from at most four or five progenitors. Nay, analogy leads him to believe that all animals and plants have descended from one prototype, and therefore infers that probably all the organic beings that ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form into which life was first breathed.

The progeny first became diversified into numerous species, when individuals in the struggle for life were modified in the breeding and cross-breeding, according to the necessities for getting along in the world or by accidents; for example, a bear slips into the water, and becomes the parents of whales, or the fish gets out of the water and is represented in after years by dogs and cats, horses and men, of whom we say Mr. Darwin himself is not the least remarkable specimen. He says he can hardly doubt that all vertebrate animals having two lungs have descended by ordinary generation from an ancient prototype of which we know nothing, furnished with a floating apparatus or swim-bladder. So all lungs were



once swim-bladders, and betray a fishy ancestry. His argument is, that the lung is a developed swim-bladder, and that it could not come into existence except by improvement upon that swimming machinery, therefore that all creatures which now have lungs once swam. In their fishy state they required tails; accordingly, we must not be astonished to find animals possessed of lungs also having tails. A well-developed tail having been formed in an aquatic animal, it might subsequently come to be worked in for all purposes, as a fly-flapper, as in the case of the horse, or as an aid for turning about, as we see in the dog. So far Mr. Darwin. Here we must say that if tails continued in our supposed family, amongst our cousins, cats, dogs, horses, &c., on account of their utility, we don't see why we were not allowed to keep the same appendage, at the time of the wonderful transition, when we passed from the fashion of haddocks and herrings; whereas tails would be useful to us when mosquitoes are about, and indeed would be an aid for *turning about* to a very large class of politicians.

Another school puts forward *development theories*, asserting the transition from ancient monkeys into man, through natural changes or developments in the course of past time. Philosophers of this school do not condescend to tell us what time it required to make a man out of a monkey, nor how far we may look back to see our grand-sires hanging by the tail from the boughs of the Banyan tree, or cracking cocoanuts on the Island of St. Domingo. Differing thus as wide as the poles are asunder, our world builders and man-makers are perfectly agreed in one thing—they all beg the question. They assume the materials of the world as pre-existing and ready at hand, for each one to fashion the world

and its inhabitants out of them according to his own peculiar fancy. But ask whence came these pre-existing materials, and they will give you no more satisfaction than the Cochin China world-builder, who gravely tells you that “a hen laid an egg, and from the egg came the universe;” but whence came the hen he cannot tell. Differing, *toto cælo*, in other respects, they agree in another point: they condemn Moses of ignorance of philosophy—nothing less. He was quite in the dark about the origin of things say all; he and his creations were ages behind the true date of the world's production. He knew nothing about geology; he knew nothing about zoology, &c., &c., &c. So philosophers differ, and so they agree, and so continue piling theory upon theory, rivalling the confusion of their predecessors building in the plain of Senaar. But He, who in olden time so easily scattered the builders of the tower of Babel, scatters with equal facility modern world builders, with their notions, theories, and systems. One scheme appears to-day, another to-morrow, following one another like the successive views presented at each turn of the kaleidoscope, and they are as evanescent. Voltaire, the arch-scoffer of the last century, once in his life told the truth, when he said “that philosophers put themselves in the place of God, and destroy and renew the world after their own fashion.” They do put themselves in the place of God, all who ascribe the formation of the universe to second causes, irrespectively of the Great First Cause, whose creative energy alone could impart efficiency to second causes; whose intelligence could direct them to the working out of ends of surpassing wisdom; whose goodness alone could make them fruitful of the most beneficial results. It is edifying and consoling to the Christian philosopher to know that science,

properly applied, is in perfect harmony with that revealed information which so illumines honest inquiry, as to save us from darkness, doubt, and the most degrading absurdity. The history of the creation of the world and of man, flowing from the inspired pen of Moses, maintains unshaken the credit for truth which it obtained throughout thousands of years with the wise and virtuous in the whole universe of faith; whilst, day by day, new facts are elicited, new results obtained, by the researches of infidelity itself, which not only do not militate against, but give confirmation doubly strong to the ancient convictions of men. The homage which true science, in its complete and just conclusions, has paid to the history of Moses, united with the experience of our own time, establish it as the certain solution and protection for all the difficulties and perplexities produced at any time by scientific theorists. The history of Moses being the oldest of all works, commands reverence for its antiquity: the basis of all religion, it commands reverence for its origin. No authentic history precedes Genesis, or, indeed, commences, till long after its publication. We are acquainted with the dates of the history of the Roman sway. We can trace the rise and progress of Grecian art. We can examine the origin and power of Persia and Babylon. Egypt, too, opens her earliest traditions to our view. But beyond all is darkness. Authenticated history leads us no farther. The inspired penman is our only guide. Lucretius, an atheist, very properly asked: "If the world be so ancient as some are ready to assert, how is it that we have no historian before the Trojan war? or that the records of great facts are not inscribed on the roll of fame?" Arts only recently discovered, and every day in process of discovery, show

that man's existence on this globe has been only of recent date, while the father of modern science, Cuvier, declares that nothing is more demonstrable than the comparatively brief habitation of man on the earth, that may have been created millions of years ago. Great indeed is the value of Mosaic history on account of its contradiction of the absurd theories of our day, regarding the origin of man and his place in nature; the truth of all it states being substantiated by the most illustrious matter of fact evidence. Some scientific persons of our time, instructed by the number and arrangement of bones and muscles, pretend the resemblances to the monkey to be so strongly marked that, underrating certain zoological distinctions, and overlooking some others, they place man in the same group of species. Now the zoological demonstration that man does not share his order with brutes of any kind, has been long familiar to every one even most slightly imbued with philosophical knowledge. The conclusion drawn from the construction of man's head, affects the foundation and the whole superstructure of the animal kingdom. The acclamation of universal life gives man a solitary, exclusive, and dignified position among animals. His structure, so wonderfully distinguished in his skull and brain, harmonizes with the grandeur of intellect and soul. Moreover, the structure of his hand has always been recognized not only as a fitting instrument for his service, but also as a signal of his superiority over other animals. Thus, too, his erect form habitually glancing towards the heavens, points to his future eternal home; and whilst other animals necessarily bow towards earth for purposes of life, man, only occasionally, bends himself to mark the footsteps of his journey o'er its surface. What other animal has

even the slightest resemblance to the human face divine, which not only exhibits interior emotions in the affectionate smile, and cheering laugh, but also manifests the wonders of intellect and sentiment by expressive features, which can be seen and felt, but defy all definition and description. His unique faculty of speech is a means whereby he actually escapes the limitations of time and space, and advances far beyond the boundaries of the mere animal domain. Notwithstanding those various distinguishing qualities, some philosophers, after a study of man's bones and muscles and brain, without perceiving the deeper principle beneath, assign him a place in the same tribe with apes or monkeys, on a seat somewhat higher than that occupied by the gorilla, yet not so high but that the gorilla, ourang, or chimpanzee, may be in the line of man's ancestry.

Professor Huxley contends that man resembles the lower animals as they resemble one another, and differs from them only inasmuch as they differ amongst themselves; hence he argues that if a scientific being from the planet Saturn entirely free from all human prejudices, should come to our earth, and calmly discuss this question, he would necessarily decide that man is merely entitled to rank as a member of the same order as the apes of the same globe. But if man (continues Professor Huxley) be separated by no greater barrier from the brutes, than they are one from another, it follows that man is produced by the same process which originated them. So that marmosets (small monkeys) having arisen by gradual modification of apes, then there is no ground for doubting that man originated by the gradual modification of an ape. "You are a monkey," says Mr. Huxley. "You are a man, made to the image and likeness of God," says Moses; and that Moses

told the truth we are assured by nature's profoundest utterances; by man's fitness for the position he holds; and by the command of God to subdue and have dominion, placing man on a throne which he still occupies, above and over all that lives. Ages ago, King David, who had a fair amount of science, recognized man's place on earth, when he exclaimed, "Thou hast made him, O Lord! little lower than the angels. Thou hast subjected under his feet all sheep and oxen, moreover, the beasts of the fields, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, that pass through the paths of the sea." Incontestably it is so. The brute rendered homage to his superiority, whilst erroneous philosophy lowers him to their level. This terrestrial dominion of man—is it not an emblem of his sovereign power and a testimony that he is not a monkey, but the image of God? King David lived amongst a people, simple in its thoughts and habits, without refinement, without science, without art, without commerce, or much acquaintance with other nations. The shepherd and his sheep seeming to enjoy themselves in the consciousness of man's protection; cattle reposing in peace, recognizing the supremacy of the master. Such a scene of pastoral life was the plain type of man's superiority over creation. But if David stretched his gaze across the desert, in the vicinity of his loved Judea, he would see the Arab mounting his untamed steed, and making it obedient to his will; or he might see the huge, unwieldy elephant, peaceable and quiet in its nature, rushing on the phalanx of the enemy, in obedience to the voice of a child seated on its neck. Passing from the period in which David spoke, a few centuries down the course of time, and a few hundred miles towards the western sun, we come to a new age, and to a new clime. How great the change from simple



pastoral life to the brilliant civilization of Greece and Rome. Man is then found acquainted with the mysteries of nature, with the wide boundaries of the world, and by science and commerce, makes time and space tributaries to his wants and comforts. Travelling along through the civilized world, you find smiling fields, agreeable mansions, flourishing cities, where once there were only barren deserts, stagnant waters, and impenetrable forests. How has happened the pleasant change? Who has wrought this second creation? Man! His well-directed and laborious hand has "renewed the face of the earth." Certainly Moses knew the truth when he wrote: "God made man to His own image." Many of our readers cultivate the liberal arts and sciences; some are at least acquainted with them; we think all have taste and sentiment. Look then through the vista of ages, over the classic Egean Sea, around the mystic Acropolis, the ruined Parthenon, expressing the awful language of silence; behold the statue of Apollo, now called the Belvidere, or the Venus of Medici, or Laocoön, writhing in marble agonies. Do you not admire the statue seeming to breathe? Where was it till thus brought to light? In a shapeless block, which had to be torn from the bowels of the marble quarry. The sculptor seized it, his steady eye pierced it, and noble thought grasped the object, strongly closed up in folds of rock. How does he drag it out? His chisel strips off the superfluous covering. By the force of enticing blows and coaxing touches, delicately repeated, he relieves, little by little, the beautiful proportions he had conceived; finally, he frees them from their cold fetters, and the infant of genius, the masterpiece of skill, starts to light before admiring spectators. Truly man is not a monkey—he is the image of God. You admire

paintings. Well, let us look at them—portraits and landscapes. What noble aspects and touching expression in some; what astonishing composition in others. Look at the portrait of Washington by the illustrious Philadelphian artist, Rembrandt Peale. Behold there an eye seeming to scan the full destiny of his country, the wonderful calm of the whole countenance, reflecting, as the unruffled sea does the varied hues of the heavens above, all the impressions of consummate, patriotic virtue. Look at the compressed, amiable, though determined lips, seeming to express: "No more need be spoken: I have vowed to establish and preserve the independence of my native land." Behold the entire countenance, framed, as it were, within a halo of preterhuman unselfishness, the property of Washington alone, amongst all the best and greatest of patriotic citizens. Is the canvas animated? Whence so much seeming sentiment and life? Take up a landscape painting. Tell me what skill has labored on the smooth surface of the canvas, so as to raise up rocks, and dig out valleys? There in that wonderful operation of the painter's pencils, the breeze appears upon the sunny hill, sporting among flowers and foliage; and we fancy we can hear the foaming surge whistling on the billows of the deep. By what art does the perspective stretch to the distant mountains, and glow beyond the horizon, chasing the setting sun? How does a Claude Lorraine seem to arrest the sun in his downward course like Joshua, and to fix his sinking beams in the mild twilight of the evening sky? If it be not nature, it is a most exquisite imitation—it is a creation in painting. Monkeys don't do these things. It is the work of man—yes, of man most certainly, "made to the image and likeness of God." I am sure all our readers love music. Well, let me

ask whence those varied and melodious sounds which so wonderfully strike upon your ear without the least confusion? A variety of sonorous, vibrating bodies are simultaneously set in action to produce them: the calculating spirit of man graduated their forms and combined their relations; he willed that some should strike the air so as to produce deep, rolling tones, whilst others sigh softly, and all by a mixture of sharp and heavy sounds, produce the enrapturing harmony. The composer in idea assembles all those instruments; he traces on paper the course they are to follow; all answer to his will, and produce that ravishing melody which transports the soul, and often brings out a flood of tears. Moses told the truth, and we know that man is "the image and likeness of God." "Let us go down to the sea in ships," and notice those intrepid men who leave the calm and security of the land, to do battle with the rolling floods of the inconstant ocean. They seem to cast a yoke upon raging billows. The tyrants of the air, so well and poetically described by Camoens, the bard of the *Lusiad*, which so long frightened and repelled the renowned Vasco de Gama, are obliged to yield to the lord of land and sea, to open a passage across the raging waves, and waft him into the harbor he aimed at in the darkness of the midnight storm. How wonderfully by the use of a few ropes and a few yards of canvas, is the ship made to walk the sea like a thing of life! What creative genius in those brave, industrious mariners who rule the deep, deep sea! I love to ride on the fierce, the foaming, bursting tide, because I know that the commander on the quarter-deck is not a monkey, but a being "made to the image of God." More immediately in our own day, surprising as well as pleasing attestations are offered by practical science, that "man was made to the image of

God." He has succeeded in laying hold of that mighty power, which, imprisoned in the bowels of the earth, at times with a sudden explosion forces up thousands of tons of superincumbent earth, that falls upon and burns the fertile fields of Italy. This mighty element of steam, which, imprisoned, becomes a fiery caldron amidst the snows of Iceland, is turned into the mighty giant of locomotion rising from the curling vapor of the steam-engine, like the genie from the jar of the Arabian fisherman, and man uses it to carry him along through hill and dale at the rate of fifty miles an hour; or taking it far out on the deep, blue sea, challenges Boreas, and in the very teeth of the hurricane, flies to gather the sweet fruits of the tropics, or to smash the ice peaks in the Arctic circle. He has brought into service the lightning, and directs it as he pleases, either to fire a magazine that will blow a city to atoms, or to run across the ocean with a message of friendship. Artists make use of the rays of the sun for drawing-materials, and produce with an accuracy of nature, pictures of everything they choose to photograph. By a less labor than that of Aladdin, we have but to place our finger upon the metal gas branch beside our desk, or above our head, when "the Genius of the Lamp" starts into light before our eye to do our bidding. We draw the spirit of the fire from the bowels of the earth; we purify him from the grosser matter which retards his activity or diminishes his power; in hollow cylinders of metal he runs noiselessly and unseen beneath the pavement of our busiest streets; he enters our houses, and glides harmlessly beneath the gilded wainscot or the fluttering brocade, ready to come forth with his dazzling torch whenever and wherever we choose to call upon him. Many of us are mechanics and know that the mechanical element embodies itself to

our imagination in the form of a huge engine, which sends its shafts along every stage of society, and its gear into every department of life, and keeps up a perpetual whirl with an exerting energy in every head, hand and mind. By its own monotonous uplifting of its giant arms it sends everything into the most opposite and conflicting motion. Here it goes pumping, and there it is draining, lifting and ramming; here raising into air enormous iron tubes that could have confined ten Titans; there drilling an eye through a needle which a microscopic insect could not creep through; here battering into a compact fluke, a mass of iron which all the Cyclops could not have lifted; there gently riveting its head upon a pin; here violently twisting together the strands of endless wire rope; here actually drawing through flame without burning it, the thread scarcely thicker than the cobweb which has to weave the finest cambric; there voraciously lapping up the liquid mud of the streets with its pebbles and brickbats into a capacious stomach; here it whirls around in the printing press the cylinder inscribed all around like an ancient pillar, and imparts to thousands of outspread sheets the indelible impression of the RECORD, now read by all persons of intelligence and taste.

As yet we have looked on man amidst arts and sciences, having materials and instruments for his work, with a lever by which he seems to kick the Alps out of his way when tunnelling the Simplon, or with a needle piercing his way through the watery barriers of Cape Horn. Let us take him aside from all extraneous aid, that he may appear only with his thoughts and meditations, and he will present more striking features of resemblance with the Author of his being; he will be more distinctly known as "the image of God." Think of a

Numa, a Solon, an Alfred, a Leo, a Gregory, a Malachi, an Ollam Fodhlo, a Washington, a Marshall, a Napoleon, and so many ancient and modern legislators. What force of authority, what grandeur of character, what depth of views, what toil of brain in those sages to combine the interests of state and citizen, to enchain the passions under the yoke of laws, to settle and balance power on institutions, adapted to the peculiar disposition of various populations! on the misty path of their proceedings, and in such lofty speculations, could they find issue from the labyrinth beset with innumerable obstacles, if they had not a guide in the celestial light which belongs to man made to the image of God. We cannot estimate too highly the empire which men obtain over their equals by the most noble and powerful force of language. Remember those famous orators of Greece and Rome, and our own Henrys, Grattans, Burkes, Clays, and Websters, who could at their pleasure sway the multitude just as the zephyr or the gale moves the water of the sea. Whence that power of reasoning, the energy of language, and sublimity of thought, unless from the immortal source which sprung up when, as Moses relates, God breathed into man a living soul? Is it not from the same source that those immortal verses stream, which, after so many ages, still charm us in the masters of Greek and Latin poetry, and have been so well followed by the bards of our own time? Yes, the fountain of poetry, that flows in ever increasing floods of melody and of thought, burst forth, a spring of intellectual light and life, on the first day of creation, when the morning stars sang together, and "man was the image and likeness of God." We do most seriously think that the most refined and accomplished monkey which ever chattered in an African jungle,



never could be developed into a genius like Homer; nor could by magic poetry magnify a few Phrygian huts into the city of Priam; or transform some swarthy daughter of Sparta into that fatal beauty "who launched a thousand ships, and burned the topmost towers of Ilium." Now please reflect upon the faculty to which the sublime science of astronomy addresses its delightful information, and you will decide that such mental capacity is not the development of a monkey, but surely the development of the image of God in man. You are told that some of those bright specks which spangle the azure field of night are worlds, each a thousand times larger than our earth. The sun himself, whom Miss Lucy the housemaid treats so contemptuously when she says, "she will shut him out, lest he should spoil the carpet," and bangs the shutter in his face, as if he were a small dirty boy from Moyamensing; and Miss Fanny, who was colored brown on the banks of the blue Moselle, pokes out a bit of a parasol to shade him off from injuring her complexion; this sun, treated with so little ceremony, is an immense luminous world, which could inclose more than twelve hundred thousand globes as large as ours. Do you not seize on it with your imagination. Can you not revolve the mighty orbs in the circumference of your ideas? Does not thought pass from one to another more quickly than the lightning? Surprising though they may be in their massive size, what is all the blind, inert, and insensible bulk alongside of an intelligent being? Those globes spread far away their oceans of light, yet themselves are not the more enlightened. They continually roll on in the same circle, but as yet they have not become conscious of it. They do not, like man, know the hand that launched them on the tangent of their orbits.

They are ignorant of the law by which they pursue their varied round. Their number is prodigious as their size. Yet we can add in thought as many as we please to-day, at every hour, at every instant. Their motion astonishes imagination, escapes the eye, but its rapidity cannot fly beyond the grasp of our calculation. Man's great thought can precede them, or follow them at will, and prescribe the time for each to perform its course. In a manner he says to each, "At such an hour you will go forth," and at that hour it goeth forth. He beckons to the comet that has not been seen for three hundred years, and tells you to look to the sky, and behold it is there at the hour he determined for its reappearance. Is not this an image of God! Lay aside the telescope, and fix your eyes intently on yourself, and you find something more prodigious than the celestial dome ribbed with brilliant worlds. To find the earthy casement of the body united to an intelligence more capacious than the universe, is indeed truly marvellous. And have we not an intimate consciousness of this wonder within ourselves? Do we not know that the understanding has not arrived at any horizon of thought, that it knows no limit other than the space in which those worlds float, and consequently in it, as in the expanse of space itself, the universe is contained? The giant of poetic fable supports the orb of earth, his shoulders bend under the heavy load, but we carry the universe within the brain, without complaint of burden or fatigue. Admiring thus the power and extent of mental faculties, we can proclaim that within us as well as around us there is overwhelming evidence that Moses told the truth, and that "man is made an image of God," not a monkey developed in the notions of Prof. Huxley. But perhaps some sneering skeptic

will point out individuals in the human family of limited intelligence and uncultivated mind, and ask what lineaments of a celestial affinity do they exhibit? I answer, the most valuable, most admirable, most amiable traits, which are not the exclusive property of any privileged class, but belong to the beggar and the boor, as well as to the rich and learned, which all may equally possess, excepting the wicked, who will reject them, and the infidels, who defile them. In fact, it is not so much by our talents, nor by qualities of genius that we resemble God, as it is by our sensibilities, our affections, and our virtues. It is especially in the spiritual element, commonly called the heart, that the attributes of the Deity are to be found reflected in purity and beauty. There, as on an altar consecrated to the Lord, are immolated the passions which anger heaven and trouble the earth. There, are offered to our Creator and our neighbor the generous sacrifices of self-denial. There, truth, candor, simplicity, innocence reign, and the purity which, like the ray of morning, can travel through a foul atmosphere without being sullied. Look steadily upon that spiritual element, and none can fail to see the traits of common family in rich and poor, wise and simple, and likewise a genealogy rooted in the first man "made to the image of God." Give attention particularly to love in its holiest essence and consecrated name of charity, and mark its Godlike purpose to unite the children of the great family by ties of fraternal affection. Charity sees only friends and brothers amongst men, and extends thoughts and wishes even where it cannot reach a cherishing hand. Hence its fervent prayers embrace those who have passed from the earthly

scene, as well as those whose occupancy of the world is only a journey to the same final exit. Not less extensive in its objects, than intelligent in its relations, it embraces all creation. Immense and infinite indeed must be the nourishment of its ardor. For it will have nothing less than God; towards him it rises, becomes attached to him, adores him, invites all nature to glorify him, rejoices in his supreme felicity, aspires to him, as its origin, and the eternal source of beauty, power, and perfection. Alas! our narrow field of paper will not permit us to proceed farther in the contemplation of those attributes of man which so precisely define his origin, manifest his subsistence, and being of an immortal significance, render our theme inexhaustible. However, enough has been said for our present purpose, enough to assure any reasonable person that the most thorough examination cannot fail to deduce from the utterances of nature, from the principles of science, from the facts of judicious experience, the conclusion, that man is a miniature of the Deity; a miniature of Omnipotence in the extent of his energy and activity; a miniature of wisdom in the capacity of mind and heart, more apparently, more purely so in the flitting days of his innocence; yet even in the obscuration of his fall, sufficiently bright to attest the source whence he came, as the slightest shade fails not to indicate the presence of the object that preceded it. Hence we conclude, that if in our days is verified a Scripture which says, "Man when he was in honor did not understand, but compared himself to four-footed beasts," another Scripture is verified, which says, "Man was made to the image of God."

# THE HYMNS OF THE ROMAN OFFICE, FOR EASTER AND PASCHALTIDE.

METRICALLY TRANSLATED FROM THE BREVIARY AND MISSAL.

BY CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

## I.

### AT MATINS.

*Rex Sempiternæ Cœlitum.*

ETERNAL King of heavenly spheres,  
Of all things made the framer Thou,  
Thy Father's equal Son while years  
Eternal shall continuous flow.

Who, while the world was in its prime,  
Didst Adam to thy form create,  
And that dead mould of earthly slime  
With noble spirit animate.

Who when the Demon's wily snare  
Had soiled the glory of our race,  
Didst deign Thyself our flesh to wear,  
Restoring it to primal grace.

Who first was born from Virgin's womb,  
Now from the grave tak'st second birth,  
That we, with Thee, may break the tomb  
Of sin, and burst the bonds of earth.

Eternal Shepherd! Thou thy sheep  
Dost in baptismal waters lave;  
The soul in founts of life dost steep,  
Where guilty nature finds a grave.

Thou, cancelling sin's heavy debt,  
And may our souls re-born to Thee  
The last drop of thy blood didst let  
To cleanse away our earthly dross.

Our Paschal joy, sweet Jesus, be  
While Easter's golden cycles glide,  
And may our souls re-born to Thee  
Share heaven's eternal Paschaltide.

Glory to God the Father be,  
And glory to his risen Son,  
Glory, O Paraclete, to Thee,  
Reigning while endless ages run.

## II.

### AT LAUDS.

*Aurora Cœlum Purpurat.*

Aurora decks the purpling sky,  
The earth with alleluias rings,  
Concerted strains the heavens reply,  
The bass is hell's deep mutterings.

For Jesus, our most potent Lord,  
Hath burst to-day the grave's abyss,  
And all the ancient Saints of God  
Have with him woke to endless bliss.

With many a guard and sign-set stone  
Was sealed in vain the garden tomb,  
Christ rising all hath overthrown,  
And death to its own grave hath doomed.

Enough of tears! enough of sighs!  
Away with all funereal woes;  
For hark! the white-robed angel cries:  
"This morn death's conqueror arose."

Our Paschal joy, sweet Jesus, be  
While Easter's golden cycles glide,  
And may our souls from death set free,  
Share heaven's eternal Paschaltide.

Glory to God the Father be,  
And glory to his risen Son,  
Glory, O Paraclete, to Thee,  
Reigning while endless ages run.

## III.

### AT VESPER.

*Ad Regias Agni Dapes.*

Crossed is the Passion's crimson sea,  
Our robes with paschal splendor shine,  
As at His regal banquet we  
Sing Christ our chief, the Lamb divine.

Whose love in Calvary's sacrifice  
Alike was holocaust and priest;  
His blood was our redemption's price,  
His flesh is our celestial feast.

The devastating angel's sword  
Hath spared alone the blood-stained posts;  
The late divided sea hath poured  
Its waters o'er the foemen hosts.

Now Christ is our paschal paste,  
The victim lamb all purity,  
The banquet where chaste souls may taste  
The azymes of sincerity.

O! victim, truly heaven's own,  
Thou conqueror of hell's domains,  
The chains of death, by Thee, undone,  
Freed man eternal life regains.

Christ's trophy-blazoned banner flies,  
Re-opened heaven for Him waits,  
Till He ascending through the skies  
Drags hell's chained demon to its gates.

Our Paschal joy, sweet Jesus, be  
While Easter's golden cycles glide,  
And may our souls redeemed by Thee  
Share heaven's eternal Paschaltide.

Glory to God the Father be,  
And glory to his risen Son,  
Glory, O Paraclete, to Thee,  
Reigning while endless ages run.



## OF APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS IN PASCHAL TIME.

## I.

## AT MATINS AND VESPERS.

*Tristes Erant Apostoli.*

WITH heavy heart and nameless dread  
The sad apostles mourned the fate  
Of Christ, who in the tomb lay dead,  
The victim of his servants' hate.

Meanwhile the truthful angel's voice  
Had thus unto the women spoke:  
"Ye faithful souls shall yet rejoice,  
Christ will himself console his flock."

While to the mourning brethren they,  
On wings of joy, their steps retrace,  
A shining form obstructs the way;  
They falling the Lord's feet embrace.

Quick to the Galilean heights  
The apostolic bands retreat;  
An inward peace their souls delights  
As they their risen Master greet.

Our Paschal joy sweet Jesus be,  
While Easter's golden cycles glide,  
And may our souls from death set free  
Share heaven's eternal Paschaltide.

To God the Father glory be,  
And glory to his risen Son,  
Glory, O Paraclete, to Thee,  
Beigning while endless ages run.

## II.

## AT LAUDS.

*Paschale Mundo Gaudium.*

Exultingly the Paschal sun  
Bathes all the earth with molten gold;  
Resplendently the risen One  
His glad apostles now behold.

Like shining suns His five wounds each,  
Within His flesh now glorified,  
They see, and going joyful preach  
Him risen who was crucified.

O! potent King, most clement Lord,  
With regal sway our hearts possess;  
May we with dutiful accord,  
Thy glorious name forever bless.

Our Paschal joy sweet Jesus be,  
While Easter's golden cycles glide,  
And may our souls redeemed by Thee  
Share heaven's eternal Paschaltide.

To God the Father glory be,  
And glory to His risen Son,  
Glory, O Paraclete, to Thee,  
Reigning while endless ages run.

## III.

## THE PROSE AT MASS.

*Victimæ Paschali.*

To Christ their pasch let Christians raise  
A sacrifice of grateful praise,  
The Lamb has the guilty sheep released,  
Christ hath His Father's wrath appeased.  
Life and death in dreadful strife  
Have met; death claims the Lord of life;  
Then He immortal bursts death's chains,  
And His eternal throne regains.  
Tell us, O Magdalen, we pray,  
What wonders saw'st thou on the way?  
"The tomb of Christ the living God,  
Angelic hosts, the cloths and shroud,  
The glory of my risen Lord,  
For Christ my hope is truly risen,  
In Galilee ye'll see the vision."  
We've known Thy triumph victor King,  
Save us, Thou sweet mercy-spring,  
Amen, Alleluia.

## THE GRADUAL VERSICLE AT MASS.

*Hæc Dies.*

This is the day the Lord hath made,  
Let us exult and thereon be glad.

## THE ANTHEM.

*Regina Cæli Lætare.*

Gladness be with thee, Heavenly Queen,  
He whom thy chaste womb worthily bore,  
As He hath promised is risen again  
For us, Him reigning in glory, implore.

## ROSE LEBLANC.

## CHAPTER XII.

"WHAT a delicious soft air, and what a lovely blue sky!" said Alice to herself, as, after seeing her grandfather and André start on their shooting expedition, she stepped into the garden, where the flowers seemed literally to enjoy themselves in the morning rays. "I really think," continued she, "that a great deal too much harm is said of this world, and there certainly is happiness here below for those who love God and man, and the sky and the flowers." And her beautiful open countenance looked almost as radiant as the blooming autumn roses which she was smelling with a delight that almost amounted to ecstasy.

"Mademoiselle, there is a man asking to see you; he is in the courtyard," said a servant, coming after her into the garden.

"One of our people?"

"No: he says he comes from the neighborhood of Pau, and he insists on seeing Mademoiselle. He is not a peasant, and does not appear to be a gentleman either, but I think he seems to be a respectable person," said the old servant, who saw that his mistress was a little doubtful as to whether she should see the stranger or not.

"If you think he is respectable, Pierre, you can show him into the hall, and I will come and speak to him in a minute." She had the greatest confidence in the discrimination of old Pierre, who sometimes took her to task for admitting so readily all who came to her for help.

In front of the fireplace in the hall, and holding his hat in both hands, stood Henri Lacaze, for it was no other, waiting for the young mistress of the castle to appear. That he was very restless soon be-

came apparent from his sudden and abrupt movements: he walked impatiently up and down the hall, sat down, got up again, drummed on the window-panes with his fingers, never even casting a glance on the beautiful landscape that was before him. At length the door opened, and Alice came in, and, inclining her head with the grace and dignity that were habitual to her, asked what was the object of his visit.

Henri gazed at her for an instant without speaking, and then said, "I should feel more at my ease if Mademoiselle would please to sit down." Alice took a chair, and motioned to Henri to do the same.

"No, I would rather stand: it is more seemly; and besides, what I have to say is very simple, and will not take long. I shall not detain you more than a few minutes. They tell me that Mademoiselle is M. André Vidal's cousin?"

"M. André de Vidal?" replied Alice. "Oh, if it is to him that you wish to speak, it is very easy to send for him; he is out shooting with my grandfather, but they cannot be far off, for I heard a shot a moment ago."

"I do not wish to see him," said Henri, in an agitated voice; "but you will do me a great kindness if you will undertake to deliver a message to him. It is asserted in all the country round about that you are as good and as kind as the saints in heaven; that you bestow benefits on every one, and that nothing in the world would induce you to tell a falsehood. Therefore I hope you will forgive one who comes to you to know the truth. Tell me, then, Mademoiselle, it is not true, is it—it cannot be true—that André Vidal should be going

to marry any other than Rose Leblanc? If it is wrong to ask you, I entreat you to forgive me, but I must know, for if it is true it will break Rose's heart, and I promised before God to make her happy, and a promise made to God must be kept."

Alice had turned red and pale by turns during this speech. How many different thoughts and mingled feelings chased each other through her mind, and stirred her inmost soul, while this stranger was so boldly putting a question to her of which she had never dared to acknowledge all the bearings even to herself! In spite of the efforts which she made to conceal the pain that she felt at words which she could not but believe to be sincere, anxiety and distress were expressed on every feature. A keen thrill of pain almost made her heart stand still, for the first time, and, almost without her own knowledge, she loved, and loved with her whole soul, with all the tenderness and devotion of her nature, him whom her grandfather had chosen to be her future husband, and whose generous impulses and lovable qualities had been developed by the influence of a few days of happiness, as flowers expand under the sun's genial rays in spring. And now, wounded pride, which seemed almost like remorse, a fear of betraying herself, the feeling of suspicion, which weighs so intolerably on those whose youth is full of present happiness and of hope for the future, entered and took possession of her heart, and her embarrassment became almost insupportable. But in souls that are really Christian, there is one feeling that predominates over every other, which governs every action, even the most trifling, and holds the most violent and unlooked-for emotions in subjection—the sense of duty, that watchful and unyielding ruler, whose law is

all-powerful, and from whose dominion nothing can escape.

Often, when thinking of the dull and desolate life whose wearisome monotony André used to complain of, had Alice wondered to herself whether no attachment, no love had ever softened his bitterness of spirit, and cheered his loneliness. The name which Henri had just pronounced, brought to her mind the young girl she had seen at Pau and at Betharam, and she recollected her lovely face and her winning and graceful ways, and a voice within her seemed to say, "It is she."

Henri was awaiting her answer with an anxiety which approached to agony.

Having paused for an instant to collect herself, Alice said, with great calmness and gentleness, "I do not know whether I ought to answer a question which I do not see that you have any right to ask, but I am willing to act with the same openness and simplicity which you have shown towards me. M. Andre Vidal is not, as far as I know, engaged to be married."

"What, not to Rose?" exclaimed Henri vehemently. "He has been living in this house with you for more than six weeks, and has never told you that he is engaged to marry Rose! Oh, God! it is as I thought: the man is a liar!"

"I cannot listen to you any longer," said Alice, with a beating heart and colorless face. "If you have come here to complain of M. de Vidal, you must address your reproaches to him, not to me;" and she rose to leave the room.

"Forgive me, Mademoiselle; I entreat you forgive me! I am a boor and a ruffian; Rose always told me so; but in pity for her, in pity for me" . . .

"Is she your sister?" said Alice, touched by his grief and his earnestness.



"No, she is not my sister, though we were brought up together; she is more than that, if possible; she is more like my child, since the day when God in his goodness made use of me to save her precious life, and I swore to make her happy. And this man who has stolen her heart away,—to whom she has given the love that once was mine,—this man, who promised to marry her,—does he dare to make sport of us, to cast her off, to despise her, now that she loves him and loves me no more? No, it is not possible; it would be too infamous!"

"You loved this young girl, then?" said Alice, in a choking voice.

"*Did I love her? Do not I love her now!*" exclaimed Henri vehemently; and his hands clenched convulsively a little bag which he held out to her. "This is the money that is to procure a substitute for the man that she loves. These are the fruits of the long sleepless nights, when she used to wear out her eyes with work and crying. You may count the money easily, but you will never count the tears that she has shed while earning it." And he threw the purse on the table.

Alice opened it mechanically.

"Did that poor girl really get all this money by her work?" she exclaimed, with emotion.

"She had earned just a quarter of that sum," answered Henri, in a constrained tone, "when she fell ill, and was in danger of death; but God did not call her to himself this time, and when she recovered she found the money that was required to make up the amount already in the purse."

"Oh, it was you, then," cried Alice, with the deepest emotion, "it was you that put it there—you that loved her? Oh, what an example!" she added to herself. After a moment's silence, she said, "Is it

really quite true that my cousin is engaged to marry this young girl?"

"As true as the truth," replied Henri, taking up his hat and stick.

"And she is called Rose?"

"Rose Leblanc, niece of M. Dumont, of Jurançon."

"And she sells fruit at Pau?"

"Yes; and it was all through going to sell that cursed fruit that the mischief was done."

"If I do not mistake, you were at Betharam on the sixth of September. We prayed together at the foot of the cross on the Calvary."

"Ah! I fancied your face was not quite unknown to me; it was on that very day that we were in such danger. There was a landslide just as we were coming down the mountain towards Choroaze."

"I remember," cried Alice. "They told us of it that evening, at Pau."

"Rose lay in my arms as if she was dead when we reached the only spot where there was a secure footing. It was then that I made the vow that I told you of. It is very simple."

"Yes," repeated Alice, inaudibly, "it is very simple; but, at the same time, it is the most sublime thing I ever heard of." Then, having thought for a moment, she added, "Is it long since Rose began to love André?"

"It is very long since she ceased to love *me*," answered Henri, in accents broken by such acute and evident suffering that Alice could scarcely bring herself to question him further. She forced herself to proceed, however; for she felt that not only her own happiness, but André's prospects, the fate of the poor girl who loved him so faithfully, and perhaps even of the noble heart whose sufferings and heroic self-sacrifice she so well knew how to appreciate, depended on the frankness with which she should deal with him.

"You will forgive me," she said, trying to steady her voice, "if in André's cause, and that of her whose happiness is dearer to you than your own, I ask you whether you consider that this marriage would be really a suitable one; and whether you are certain that there exists on both sides such a deep and true love as will compensate for the disadvantages of a match that is unequal in point of birth and education?"

"Unequal, do you call it?" exclaimed Henri, quickly. "A common soldier, without fortune and without position" . . .

"He is a near relation of the Baron de Vidal," interrupted Alice, in a gentle voice.

"What, he? André? . . . Well, it makes no difference whose relation he may be, he certainly is not worthy of our Rose; but, since she loves him, he must marry her. Ah, that is why he has never spoken of his engagement to her; that is why he so seldom writes to her, now that he has become a fine gentleman. Now I see why she looked so sad when she gave this purse into my hands, instead of jumping for joy, as she used to do at our village feasts, as I expected to see her do. Have I not wrestled and fought with myself, and made violent efforts to control the passions that rage within me, and to forgive this man, who has trodden upon my heart, and who thinks no more of destroying one's happiness than if he were crushing a spider? and now, because he is a gentleman, forsooth, and has rich relations who are willing to own him at last, he thinks he may set everything at defiance, and break his word to Rose. No, by heaven! he shall marry her! He must make her happy, I say, or he will have a desperate man to deal with. Because, if Rose were to be unhappy, I should go mad, and then perhaps I might kill him."

Alice looked up in his face in terror. His features were convulsed with rage and grief, and he seemed to have lost all control over himself. She rose and took leave of him with great gentleness, saying—

"I will execute faithfully the trust that you have committed to me; and, if necessary, I shall not fail to put forward Rose's claim to André's love and fidelity; but I do not doubt that there is enough of affection and gratitude in his heart to render my poor words unnecessary. Farewell! You may trust in me."

"I do," murmured Henri, in a low voice, as he bent over the hand that she held out to him.

Alice's face was calm, and there was no tear in her eye; her voice even had not failed her as she pronounced those last words; but, when the door was closed, and she was alone with God and her guardian angel—on her knees, with folded hands, and eyes raised to heaven, she made the sacrifice of her hopes of earthly happiness, her poor heart torn with grief, but her soul filled with the peace that passeth all understanding, which the world cannot give, nor the world take away!

### CHAPTER XIII.

IT often happens in the trials of this life, that when there is question of making some great sacrifice, there are circumstances mixed up with it which complicate our sufferings, and make the performance of our duty much more difficult. For those who may truly be called Christians, sufferings that are merely personal have compensations which almost change their nature; but when, by making a sacrifice, we give sorrow to another person, or deprive those we love of their happiness, their hopes, or the dreams in which they love to indulge—of that which brings the smile to their lips, and

relieves the sadness or the monotony of their lives—then indeed the trial is hard to bear, especially for those who possess the rare gift of really caring for the feelings of others. This was the case with Alice. To scatter joys around her seemed a necessary condition of her existence. It was her delight to alleviate, if only for a moment, the pain or the sufferings of her fellow-creatures; to brighten the sad face of one in trouble; to cause the aged and the blind to rejoice, or an ailing child to smile. It was in the performance of acts such as these that she placed her chief happiness. She loved to feed the birds, to bring dying insects to life in the rays of the sun, even to revive the drooping flowers by carefully watering them. Her loving and devoted nature hailed with delight whatever could procure a moment of pleasure or of consolation for others. And now she sat thinking, with her head clasped between her hands, and turning over in her mind every means she could devise for softening to her grandfather the impending deathblow to his dearest hopes, and this without one thought for herself, without allowing a murmur to escape her, at the loss of her own prospects of happiness. She knew how entirely the Baron was set upon her marriage with André, which would have secured to his name the old domains and traditions of his family. She observed that, since André's arrival, he had seemed to take a new pleasure in life, and to interest himself about a thousand things for which he had long ceased to care; and his delight at the idea of the speedy realization of his hopes, betrayed itself in almost everything he said and did. Like a ray of the sun after a stormy day, it had come to brighten his old age, and to soften the bitter memories of the past.

"And now it is all over," said poor Alice sadly to herself, with a

troubled brow and an aching heart. "There will be an end to his pleasure in turning over the family archives; to all his plans; to the secrets he used to pretend to keep from me; and to the half-expressed anticipations which I used to interrupt with kisses. If he would only make André his heir, without thinking of me; but that I know he will never consent to do. At all events I shall tell him that I do not intend ever to marry. But if André marries that poor little Rose, he will have nothing more to say to either of them. However, happen what may, he must marry her, since he has promised to do so; and it would be very wicked to seek to turn him from it. There never was a more touching proof of love than this purse, containing the fruits of long nights spent in hard work and in tears. I look upon it as the pledge of a sacred trust, which I have promised to fulfil, by God's help. And I am sure that my grandfather, even with all his cherished hopes at stake, would never urge his nephew to abandon one who linked herself to his fate at a time when he had nothing to offer her but his love and his poverty, and whose affection brightened his life, while we his own relations never so much as thought of him."

As Alice murmured these words, a few tears fell from her eyes; but, before the end of that day, whose dawn had seemed so radiant and joyful, she was destined to weep far more bitter ones. When, in this life's journey, we are checked by some apparently insurmountable obstacle, we often say, with Mary Magdalene in the garden of Gethsemane, "Who shall roll away for us the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre?" And soon, perhaps, some unforeseen blow dealt by the hand of God delivers us from a painful anxiety by means of some overwhelming misfortune. The stone is indeed rolled away, but



the sepulchre is empty. Happy are we, then, if, from the depths of a despair so great, that we seem to have neither a hope nor a fear left for the future, we are able to hear a voice like that of the Angel of Comfort saying to us, "For you Earth has no more joys. Turn your eyes to Heaven." Alice had spoken the truth, poor child, when she said so sadly, as she thought of her grandfather, "No more plans, nor hopes, nor pleasures for him."

A few hours later, she was kneeling by the bedside in the keeper's cottage, and praying as those only know how to pray, who follow by the strength of their desires and the earnestness of their faith the soul of some dear departed one to the foot of the throne of God, and utter for the first time the cry of grief, not unmixed with hope, "Out of the depths have I cried to Thee, O Lord."

The Baron de Vidal had been out shooting for some hours, and had been talking a little to André, as they sat under the shade of a great oak in the middle of the day. Suddenly he complained of a violent pain in his head, and then of giddiness; this was followed by faintness; but after a minute or two he seemed to revive, and fell asleep quietly with his head resting against the trunk of the tree. From that sleep he never awoke; and André, who had gone to a little distance to look at a view that Alice had mentioned to him, found him motionless and insensible when he returned to his side. In an agony of terror he threw himself on his knees beside his uncle, and felt for his pulse, and put his hand on his heart; both had ceased to beat, and André knew that there was no hope. He shuddered as he thought of Alice, knowing the strength of her love for her grandfather. The lifeless body of the old Baron was hastily carried to a cottage on the outskirts of the forest, and the doc-

tor and the Curé were sent for with all speed. André undertook the painful task of breaking the sad news to poor Alice. When sitting at her window she saw him return alone, and marked his deathly paleness, she guessed at once that some misfortune had happened, and calling to him in a terrified voice with imploring eyes, sought in his face a contradiction of the fears which she had no voice to express. André had no hope to give her; his only answer was to seize her hands and cover them with tears and kisses. Alice rose without a word, and signed to him to follow. As they walked together towards the cottage she was praying inwardly; she only asked for one consolation, and this was not denied to her; for as she fell on her knees beside the lifeless body of her grandfather, the old Curé said, in a trembling voice, "My child, he went to confession, and received Holy Communion this very morning." A cry of thankfulness went up from Alice's heart, and was received by the angels who watch around the bed of death. "Yes," she exclaimed, "this is the second of October; the Feast of the Angel Guardians; doubtless he commended me to their protection. Oh, Father! dear Father! God is merciful, indeed, to us His weak and miserable children!" And hiding her face in the poor counterpane of the bed, she bathed with her tears the cold hands of him who had been to her father, mother, and brother all in one. André softly approached the bed, and, kneeling down beside Alice, joined his prayers to hers and those of the old Curé. She held out her hand to him without speaking; but he did not take it, and stooped to press his lips to the border of her dress. An hour later they walked together at the head of a procession of servants and peasants, who bore to the castle the mortal remains of the Baron de Vidal, one and all lamenting as if

they had lost a friend or a parent. The last rays of the setting sun gilded the trees in the park and the flowers in the garden, and illuminated the panes of the turret windows. The plants all bathed in dew shed their sweetest perfume; the evening breeze shook the tufts of long grass which grew on the walls; the swallows skimmed hither and thither; the rooks cawed in the top branches of the old elms, but the merry voices of the village children were hushed, and even the dogs lay motionless in their kennels. The country people soon began to ascend the hill on their way to the chapel in the castle, which was lighted by the candles on the altar, and by a few lamps which hung from the roof in the nave. They all knelt down and prayed in silence. Not a sound was heard, but the clink of the rosaries as they passed through the fingers of the women and the old men, and now and then a sob or a long-drawn sigh.

The sun disappeared and the moon rose, shedding her soft light over the country, and the silence of night fell like a veil over the woods, and rivers, and valleys; while the tears, the prayers, and the tolling of bells continued round the body of the Baron de Vidal. André went backwards and forwards from the chapel to the terrace, where a few weeks ago his uncle had pressed him to his heart for the first time. He was quite overcome with grief, and his soul was oppressed with sad presentiments: his only relief was in watching Alice, who as she knelt motionless at the altar rail, with her eyes fixed on the tabernacle, seemed scarcely to belong to earth; her beautiful face was bathed in tears, but so unearthly in its expression of love and of hope that grief seemed almost to have given place to ecstasy, and André, as he gazed upon her, scarcely ventured to pity her, and felt almost tempted to invoke her as a saint.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THREE months had elapsed since the death of the Baron de Vidal. Alice de Morlaix still lived at the castle of Roche Vidal, which her grandfather had bequeathed to her, with an old aunt of hers, Mdle. de Tournefort by name, who had formerly been a Religious; but, in the Revolution, had been obliged to leave her convent, and was thrown again upon the world, like a sheep forcibly driven from the fold. For many years she had led a solitary and peaceful life, in a small house near the Sanctuary of Notre Dame de Fourvières; but now she had come to reside with her niece, and joined, as far as her somewhat advanced age would allow, in the charitable occupations which had been Alice's only consolation since the death of her grandfather. It had rained all the morning, and the day was beginning to decline. Alice was seated at the window reading, but keeping a vigilant eye nevertheless on the road up the valley by which carriages came to the castle. Mdle. de Tournefort, who was in her arm-chair by the fire, observed with some asperity:

"The roads must be broken up by the weather we have had since yesterday. Your little peasant will not arrive before seven or eight o'clock in the evening, and Jean will not hurry his horses for all the pretty faces in the world. You must make up your mind to this, my dear: but you always get so restless and excited when your poor people are concerned, that some day you will quite lose your head. Besides, when one does a foolish thing, it unsettles one for daily life, and I am tired of telling you what folly it is not to conform to the customs of the world. Ay, I see that little mischievous smile of yours. It is true, that for many years I have renounced the world, whose maxims I am always trying to make you respect; but either

one must separate himself completely from society, or else try to live at peace with it, and respect its prejudices, which after all are generally founded upon some groundwork of reason. Now, you must acknowledge, my dear Alice, that your ideas are somewhat romantic, and " . . . .

"Oh, I know very well, dear aunt," interrupted Alice, with a quiet smile, "that I need not expect any mercy from you on that point. And yet, though doubtless there are many bad books that are called romances, there are certainly some" . . . .

"That are good? No, never!" exclaimed Mlle. de Tournefort. "There is not a novel in the world that is not detestable and pernicious. And what vexes me, I confess, my dear Alice, is that your conduct with regard to young De Vidal and the little creature who is coming here to-day is much more like what is to be found in novels, than like plain, practical, everyday life."

"I am afraid, dear aunt, that you will never prevent there being something of what you call romance everywhere, from the palace to the hovel, wherever the heart of man is to be found fighting the battle of life."

"But I put it to you, my dear, is it fitting that a young man of good family should associate with a peasant girl, a fruit-seller, and even promise to marry her? It is against all the rules of society; and though it may be lawful, it is certainly not expedient, and in the eyes of the world will be ridiculous. And yet you expect to carve out a grand destiny for this wise youth! You want him to take a high position in society; and you think that in him will be carried out all the old family traditions which your grandfather used to set such store by. And then, instead of trying to prevent this mesalliance, you must

needs do all you can to help it on! Alice, Alice, your heart is good, I know; but I do wish I could see in your character a little more prudence and moderation."

"But who is to blame, dear aunt, if circumstances should occur in real life as extraordinary as those which come to pass in books? Can you wonder that a young man like André, with all his natural gifts, and full of talent and good feeling as he is, secluded in a dull village till he was twenty years of age, forgotten by his rich relations, and estranged from those among whom his lot was cast, as much by the education which he has succeeded in acquiring for himself as by his natural tastes and character,—can you wonder, I say then, that in his desolate isolation he should have become attached to the loving girl who cheered his lonely life, and was always ready with her affection and her sympathy?"

"Oh, pray spare me these romantic descriptions! You know very well that I do not like your way of looking at those things. It is far too sentimental. If you would only try not to allow your imagination to run away with you! It is not that I find fault with your wish to place this young De Vidal in the position that his birth requires. Far from it. He has had the misfortune of being brought up in an inferior condition, and it is both kind and fitting that you should furnish him with the means of making a suitable appearance in the world; and they say that nothing contributes so much to form the manners and open the mind of a young man as travelling in other countries. And in this way I think that the defects of his early education may be remedied."

"Oh, aunt," cried Alice, blushing, "if you had only known André, you would be forced to admit that nature and genius can make a better gentleman, in the true sense



of the word, than was ever produced by the mere training of courts and drawing-rooms."

"Nevertheless, his journey to Italy was entirely your doing, although you made it seem as if the suggestion came from Colonel de la Feronnière; and though the pretext was that his health required it, I understood very well" . . . .

"No, dear aunt, that is just what you did not do. The trials and difficulties of this life are not always so easy to understand; and there are mysteries in the hearts and destinies of men that are not to be fathomed at first sight."

"Ah, there you are, off upon your highflown ideas again!" exclaimed Mdle. de Tournefort. "It is hopeless," added she, with a sigh.

In order to make the reader understand the indignation of the aunt, and the behavior of the niece, it will be necessary to go back to the circumstances which immediately followed the death of the Baron de Vidal. On the day of the funeral, and as soon as the ceremony was over, the will was read; and it was then found that the Baron had bequeathed the Castle of La Roche Vidal, and the whole of his fortune, to his granddaughter. The will had been opened in the presence of Colonel de la Feronnière and of several old friends who had gathered round Alice, as a last mark of respect to one whose loss was a cause of the deepest regret to all who had had opportunities of knowing and appreciating his rare qualities and talents, and of enjoying the charms of his conversation. The will was dated several years before the Baron's death. His sudden end had prevented his making any alteration in it, if such had been his intention. Mdle. de Morlaix remained, therefore, the sole inheritor of her grandfather's property. The Baron had made no mention of his brother's children, and

merely commended Alice to the care and friendship of Colonel de la Feronnière, in whose charge he also left her fortune, till she should be of age, or marry. As Mdle. de Morlaix had already reached the age of twenty-one, it was no longer a guardian, but a guide and a friend that her grandfather's last wishes assigned to her. She felt deeply the want of some one to advise her, and accepted with heartfelt gratitude Colonel de la Feronnière's offer of help and counsel, in the numberless cares and duties which now began to crowd upon her. He asked her to spend some time with him and his wife at their country house near Bordeaux. Alice agreed to do so on condition of being allowed to stop first at Pau, at the Ursuline Convent, where she had made her first Communion.

This being settled, she had a long conversation with M. de la Feronnière about André's prospects, and begged him to hasten on as much as possible the arrangements that were being made to enable him to leave the army, and to secure to him an income sufficient for the position in the world that the Baron de Vidal would have wished him to occupy. She implored him to join her in her efforts to convince her cousin that in so acting she was but discharging a sacred duty, the fulfilment of which had been left to her by the express wish of her grandfather; thus depriving him of all pretext for refusing an offer which she did not wish him to ascribe to her generosity.

The Colonel, to whom the Baron had often confided his projects, quite entered into Alice's feelings and wishes; and he thought it better in every way, as the matter was of so delicate a nature, that André's fortune should be finally settled upon him before there should be question of a marriage, which, however much he might wish it to come

to pass in the end, at present would only serve to complicate matters, and put both Alice and André in very difficult positions. He promised, therefore, to act with the greatest discretion in the business; and to endeavor to manage it without giving offence to André's sensitiveness, which was always ready to take alarm.

Alice appreciated his kindness and sympathy, and thanked him from her heart. Later in the same day, she came and sat with André on one of the seats of the terrace, whence her grandfather was wont nearly every evening to watch the sunset. Here, in sight of the landscape which the old man had loved so dearly, and the details of which he was never tired of admiring, Alice could not restrain her tears. André buried his face in his hands. Both felt a dread of beginning a conversation of which they could not but foresee the probable end. Alice was the first to control her emotion, and by one of those efforts that were habitual to her whenever she conceived that she had a duty to perform, she succeeded in mastering her grief, and to all appearance was perfectly calm, though her heart was beating violently.

"Dear André," she began, with great gentleness, "we have spent some very sad days together. I do not think we shall ever lose the remembrance of them. And now that we must part" . . .

André trembled and turned very pale . . .

"Let us resolve at least to walk with a firm step in the path that honor and duty shall point out to us; not pausing before any obstacle; not shrinking from any sacrifice. My dear grandfather's last thoughts rested on the hopes of seeing you bear worthily the name of his ancestors. It was his dearest wish and the object of all his desires. He was constantly speaking about it, and telling me his plans

for your future happiness. You can have no idea with what zeal and with what delight he made the requisite arrangements for securing to you the means of an easy and honorable existence, and a career conformable to your tastes, and in which you might cultivate your talents."

On hearing these words, André raised his head suddenly, but turned it away without daring to encounter Alice's eyes.

"He had not time," she went on, "to bring about himself all that he longed to do for you, but fortunately his friend and yours, Colonel de la Feronnière, is as well as myself fully acquainted with his intentions even to the very least details; and now, knowing his wishes, there is nothing left for us to do but to put them in execution as speedily as possible." André threw a bewildered and half-frightened glance at Alice: he knew not how to interpret her words, not daring to accept the hope that they seemed to hold out to him. "M. de la Feronnière," continued she, "has a real friendship for you, and if at any time you should be in want of advice or support, you may have recourse to him with all confidence. He said this to me just now, and begged me to tell you so from him. And for my part, dear André, it is most consoling to me to think that my grandfather's hopes will still be realized; that the position you will occupy in the world is the one in which he wished to see you; that your good qualities and your talents will lend a new brilliancy to the name of which he was so proud, and that his last wishes" . . . Here Alice's voice trembled so much that she could proceed no further. André, almost beside himself, seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips, without being able to utter a word. After having, as her custom was, raised her eyes to heaven, and prayed inwardly for a few instants,

Alice continued in calmer accents : "And now, dear André, let there be no secrets between us; true affection should be frank and open. I know that you love a charming young girl, and that she dearly loves you in return. I know what her affection, her devotion to you has been, for I have here the most touching proof of her patient and faithful love," and so saying, she laid the purse that Henri Lacaze had left in her charge, on the stone table beside which they were seated. "O my dear cousin," she added, "it gives me great joy to think that you will now have the means of proving to her your gratitude, and of sharing with her a fate which will be a happy one in the eyes of the world, and happier still, I hope, in all that constitutes man's real happiness and greatness." Alice ceased speaking, and there was silence for some minutes.

André sat perfectly motionless, like one stunned. He felt as though a weight like that of a mountain had fallen upon his heart. Despair, rendered more bitter by pride, filled his whole being, but not for the whole world would he have betrayed by a sigh or a look the agony that Alice's words had caused him. "What does this purse mean?" he said at last, in frozen accents.

"It is the fruit of the toil and sleepless nights of your promised bride, and contains the sum that was to have procured you a substitute. Day and night she worked to earn this money, till at last she fell ill from fatigue and grief. Then a noble and generous heart came to her aid; one who loved her with a love which shrinks from no sacrifice, which yields to no selfish consideration, and proves an incentive to the highest virtues, supplied what was wanting to fill this poor little purse, which has doubtless been often wetted by her tears. He came here to see me not long ago, and begged me to

give you this, and to tell you that it was from Rose."

"You want me to marry her then?" said André, in a constrained and hollow tone.

"Yes," replied Alice gently; "you could not think of abandoning now one who loved you so faithfully when you were poor and unhappy."

"No, no!" cried André, with an accent of mingled anger and emotion. "I will not abandon her, for she does indeed love me. I will marry her, for she never deceived me. Poor Rose! She never showed me a glimpse of heaven only to plunge me afterwards into the lowest abyss of despair."

"No, indeed," said Alice, with heartfelt earnestness; "she has been to you what a flower is to the prisoner, or a cool spring to the thirsty traveller. Her sweet face" . . . .

"Do you know her then?"

"We knelt together at the Cross of Betharam, and I had seen her once before at Pau."

"Ah, that was on the day when I first saw you! Yes, you are right; I must marry her, for love and sorrow are strong as death, and the sea itself will never quench the thirst of a soul that loves. Yes, I will marry her! I will die rather than forsake her."

Alice trembled without exactly knowing why: she did not know what to say in order to calm the nervous excitement which was apparent in André's words and manner.

"That man of whom you were speaking just now," he continued, in a tone of suppressed irritation, "that Henri Lacaze—what does it signify to him whether I marry her or not? and by what right does he come and interfere with what concerns Rose and me alone?"

"It signifies to him that she whom he loves should be happy," said Alice, lowering her eyes. "It



is a noble and tender heart that beats in that manly breast; I honor that man with all the strength of my soul."

"In that case I envy him," murmured André, but too low for Alice to hear, "with all the strength of my despair." Again there was a long pause. André was calling to mind the thousand proofs of affection that Rose had given him, and his heart was deeply touched as he remembered how tender, how faithful, and how trusting had been her love for him. Anger and grief gave way for the moment to tender feelings, and in spite of the passion that was raging in his soul, and the agitation which convulsed his features, he pressed the little purse to his lips, and covered it with kisses and with tears.

Alice silently watched his emotion; she saw his tears fall, and heard the broken words that escaped his lips, and if her woman's heart bled at that moment, the angelic spirit within her rejoiced. "God be praised!" she murmured, clasping her hands, "God be praised! he loves her, and I shall be the only one to suffer."

André turned to her at last with a more composed face. "Alice," he said, "you have taught me a great deal during the days that we have spent together. I shall always thank God for having allowed me to know you. I look upon you as the guardian angel of

my life and of my destiny, and under your protection I place all the resolutions that I have made. I accept your bounty also, Alice; it is the simplest as well as the most fitting way of showing my gratitude for a generosity which you have tried to disguise under another name. I shall go to Rose, and thank her for all she has done for me, and promise to make her happy. Poor child! she well deserves it."

"You will bring her to see me at the Ursuline Convent, at Pau, where I hope soon to be. I long to see her again."

"To Pau? are you going to Pau?" cried André, and a ray of joy flashed from his eyes.

"Yes, I want to have a little quiet time for thought and prayer at the foot of the altar before which I used to pray in my childhood, and it is in those holy precincts that I should like to see you again with Rose. And now, farewell, André, and may God bless you. And let us always remember," she went on, carried away by irresistible emotion, and turning towards him with her face all bathed in tears, "let us ever keep in mind those lines of Metastasio which we were admiring together a few days ago, and of which Henri Lacaze always reminds me:

'E proviamo al mondo che nato in nobil cuore,  
Sol frutti di virtù produce amore.'

(To be continued.)

---

## THE STORY OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

## II.

THE year 1777 brought an important change in the relations between California and Mexico. "The Captaincy General of the Interior Provinces" was formed from New Mexico, Sonora, and California, which were detached from the viceroyalty of New Spain. Theodore Santa Cruz, the governor of the new province, though friendly to the missions, was imbued with the innovating liberalism of the day, and eager to reduce its theories to practice. The system of settlement hitherto adopted did not agree with his ideas, and he planned a radical change in it. The missionaries were not to collect the Indians into settlements, but simply to visit them in their *rancherías*, leaving their material civilization to the lessons of the European settlers. To carry out these theories two missions were founded on the Colorado River, under the names of San Pedro y San Pablo, and La Purissima Concepción. Eight Spanish families were settled at each, though without any municipal organization. An ensign and eight dragoons were also quartered at each settlement. The missionaries, four in number, were not allowed to bring the Indians around the church, but were directed to instruct them in their own villages. The results of this ill-judged attempt were foreseen by the Franciscans, who nevertheless endeavored to carry out the plans of Santa Cruz even at the risk of their lives. A few of the Yama Indians in the neighborhood received instruction and baptism, but it was not long before the great body of the tribe came to regard the presence of the strangers as an unmixed evil. The cattle of the settlers consumed the wild grain

which they had been used to gather for food, and they saw themselves also dispossessed of the best lands by the new-comers, without receiving any return like their countrymen in the other missions. The soldiers, too, were guilty of some excesses, which the Franciscans were powerless to check. The Indians, at length, made a general attack on the settlements, and utterly destroyed both. Almost all the settlers were killed, including the four Franciscans. The former governor of California, Rivera, who happened to be in the neighborhood, with six dragoons, for the purpose of recruiting horses, was surprised and killed at the same time; and another party had to fight its way back with great difficulty. A strong detachment was immediately despatched from San Diego to the scene of the massacre, but only to find the settlement and missions a mass of smoking ruins. Two of the Fathers had been decently interred by an Indian woman, and their graves were recognized by the fresh-springing verdure amid the general ruin. The bodies were taken up, inclosed in coffins, and sent to San Diego, and the commander having ransomed the captives from the Indians, returned without being able to punish the offenders. The missions were never restored, and this sad tragedy was the only result of the Commandant General's ill-conceived plan.

The fate of the Colorado missions, and the refusal of the College of San Fernando to send priests to any others of the same kind, caused the governor to return, though reluctantly, to the former system. Father Serra founded the San Buenaventura mission, on the old plan, in 1782, thus complet-

ing the three projected by the Inspector Galvez. This was also the last foundation of the venerable Superior, whose health had at length begun to give way. Finding his strength failing, he set out to make a last visit to his missions, and administer confirmation to the converts, as he had received special faculties for that purpose. At San Francisco he rested for a few days, and prepared for death by a retreat and general confession to his old friend, Father Palou. On his way back he consecrated the new church of Santa Clara. The builder of that edifice, Father Urguia, had died a few days before, and his loss deeply affected the Superior, whose mind was also disturbed by the delay in the arrival of missionaries, on account of the difficulty between Santa Cruz and the Franciscans. He still continued to discharge his duties, in spite of his failing strength, and Father Palou, who was called to Monterey to assist him, found him, on the arrival of the packet from San Blas, cutting up cloth for his Indians. He insisted on receiving the Viaticum on his knees the following day, and two days later his soul passed away from earth to its eternal reward. So calm was his end that the visitors, with whom he was conversing a moment before, thought he was only lying down to sleep, and retired quietly from the room. Of his seventy-one years, more than fifty had been passed in religion, and thirteen in the country which claims him as its apostle. He left at his death more than six thousand Christians in California, and had fixed the foundations of religion too deeply in her soil to be overthrown by all the storms of later times.

The work of the mission was ably continued by Father Palou, who succeeded Father Serra as Superior. The mission and pueblo of Santa Barbara were founded in

1786, that of La Purissima, to the north, the following year, and those of Santa Cruz and La Soledad, near Monterey, in 1791. During the presidency of Father Palou, the French squadron under La Perouse touched at Monterey, and was entertained hospitably by the missionaries. The illustrious navigator was greatly struck by the work that had been so noiselessly accomplished in this remote region, and his account of the voyage bears honorable testimony to its success. Father Lazuen, the next Superior, founded three missions, in 1797, under the titles of San Fernando, San Miguel, and San José. All three attained considerable importance, especially the last, which counted twenty-five hundred Christians at the date of its secularization. The following year the greatest of the missions, San Luis Rey, was begun by Father Antonio Peyri, who continued to direct it for thirty-five years. San Juan Bautista, between Monterey and Santa Clara, was founded in 1799, and Santa Inez, in the present county of Santa Barbara, in 1804. A pause in establishing new missions followed. The troubles which convulsed Europe probably prevented the arrival of new priests from Spain, whence nearly all the Californian Franciscans were drawn, and the consolidation of the missions already founded fully occupied those already in the country. The settlements now extended in a continuous chain from San Diego to San Francisco, at distances of only ten or fifteen leagues apart, and contained upwards of fifteen thousand Indians. Besides the central establishment, most of the missions had several detached farms occupied by Indians, and thus the entire coast, to the foot of the second chain of mountains that runs parallel to it, was occupied by civilized communities for more than five hundred miles.



As the system founded by Father Serra had reached its full development at this period, it will be well here to describe briefly the nature of the missions. The experience of the Jesuits had shown the necessity of providing a settled life for the Indians, in order to train them to Christian habits. Each mission was accordingly an agricultural and manufacturing establishment, presided over by the missionaries. The population varied in different districts from four to five hundred up to three thousand or more. Each mission possessed a large tract of land as the property of the Indians. The principal establishments were on a similar plan in nearly all the missions, though of course differing in dimensions. One side of the large courtyard or *patio* was formed by the church, and the others by a two-story building, containing residences for the priests in charge and the various employees of the mission, as well as schools, magazines, workshops, and hospitals for the sick. The young girls were lodged in a place apart under the charge of the gravest of the Indian women, and were employed during the day in spinning, weaving, and similar works. With the growth of the population sun-dried brick and stone gradually took the place of wood as the material of all those buildings, some of which had a frontage of several hundred feet. The church of San Luis, with its stone tower and ornamented front, was erected under the direction of a Spanish architect, and had some pretensions to grandeur, but the majority of the missions, though strongly, were plainly built.

In front of the mission establishment was the house of the soldiers, four of whom and a sergeant formed the usual guard. Besides protecting the priests and their converts in case of an attack from hostile tribes, the soldiers served as postal

messengers, but they had no part in the internal police of the mission. Order was maintained by Indians appointed by the Fathers, and was seldom seriously disturbed. The soldiers, in fact, often gave more trouble than the Indians, and were it not for the spirit of routine so prevalent throughout the Spanish administration, their presence would probably have been discontinued as useless. A few European mechanics were also employed in some of the missions to instruct the Indians. Two Franciscans directed each mission, one attending to the work of instruction and the other to the temporal administration, and all were subject to the Superior at Monterey.

The married Indians and their families resided in little villages around the mission, or on the various farms belonging to it. Those residing near the church attended mass and evening prayers there every day, and employed the rest of their time in cultivating the mission lands; the work being always light, and distributed according to each one's strength. A strict community of goods was established, each one receiving food, clothes, and occasionally little articles of luxury, from the common stock, and being carefully nursed in the hospital in times of sickness. In the morning the Angelus bell summoned all to the church; and after mass a breakfast of *atole*, a kind of Mexican porridge, was partaken of. The Father in charge then led his people to their work in the field, the most intelligent Indians acting as overseers, and the religious sharing personally the toils of their converts. The men who had learned trades worked as carpenters, masons, tanners, or wine-makers, in the workshops and yards of the mission, and the women employed themselves in spinning the wool of the flocks and weaving it into cloth. At midday

the church-bell recalled all from their work, and a couple of hours were allowed for dinner, which had been in the meantime cooked in the public kitchen, and was now distributed in portions to each family to carry home. The afternoon labors concluded about five in the evening, and after the recitation of the rosary in the church, and the distribution of supper, the Indians amused themselves with various games and dances until it was time to retire. On Sundays and holidays, as a matter of course, no work was done, and when mass and instructions were over, the Fathers encouraged their Indians to take part in innocent amusements.

All the property of the mission belonged to the Indians in common, the Fathers being only administrators, and receiving for their own use nothing beyond the necessities of life. Besides food, clothes were distributed to the laborers at different times of the year, and when the surplus of the harvests, or the hides and tallow of the slaughtered cattle, had been sold, the Fathers made special distributions of tobacco, furniture, and other little luxuries, and occasionally small sums of money, among the Indians. A sufficient store was always kept in the public granaries to guard against the dangers of a bad year, and the surplus that still remained was employed in decorating the churches, improving the buildings, and bringing fresh land under cultivation.

The Indians were far from being insensible to the disinterested labors of their spiritual guides. Their affection for the Franciscans, in spite of their usually unimpassioned nature, was of the strongest and most lasting kind. Duffot de Mofra, a member of the French legation in Mexico, who paid a visit to California in 1840, gives a touching account of the manner in which

the Indians of San Luis Rey still remembered Father Peyri. While he was visiting the half-deserted building, two parties of Indians approached, and the chiefs having saluted him with Spanish courtesy, asked if he had come from Spain. On his answering in the affirmative, he was very eagerly asked if he had seen Father Peyri? Being told that if still alive he was at Barcelona, the Indian spokesman replied, with an accent of the deepest conviction, that Father Peyri could not be dead, and that they confidently expected his return to bring back their banished prosperity. Finding a sympathetic listener in the French diplomatist, the Indian then told the sad tale of the wrongs he and his people had suffered from the "liberal" plunderers. He concluded by asking if his countrymen could be blamed if they avenged themselves by flying to the mountains and waging war on the whites, when they saw the buildings they had raised left desolate, their flocks destroyed, their fields and vineyards laid waste, and themselves without protection against the violence of the administrators, who had seized on the missions? De Mofra exhorted them to patience, but he could not but admit the justice of the chief's words. This little scene, while it illustrates the attachment of the Indians to their pastors, also shows that they were far from being the stupid and senseless race that some have unjustly represented them to be. Their notions of right and wrong, and their attributing their troubles to that wretched Government that had usurped sway among them, were much in advance of the liberal politicians of Spanish America, and even of countries of far higher pretensions. They had also more laborious and industrious habits than the Creoles; and in the school at the mission of San José, De Mofra found about sixty

Indian children, with only two or three whites. The aptitude which the former displayed in learning reading, writing, arithmetic, and music, considerably impressed the generous traveller. And his accounts of the various missions in their decay excite a lively feeling of sympathy for the unfortunate race so rudely crushed by the spirit of irreligion and anarchy.

The Franciscans acted both as spiritual guides and temporal administrators of the missions. The missionary who superintended the laborers at work frequently took personal part in their toils, not only by way of instruction, but also to inspire the habitually lazy Indians with a respect for labor. This conduct was adopted throughout California, and some thirty years ago the Dominican President of the Lower California missions actually died while ploughing among the Indians. The success that attended this course, and the remarkable ability with which the missions were administered, attracted the warmest admiration of both Catholic and Protestant travellers, many of whom were at a loss to understand how such administrative faculties had been developed in the cloister. The integrity of the Franciscan administrators in the numerous transactions which their position imposed on them was above suspicion. The English and American ship captains who visited California during the early part of this century readily delivered whole cargoes of goods on the simple word of a Franciscan. Nor was their confidence ever misplaced. None of the missionaries who were forced to abandon their missions by the Mexican authorities carried with them any part of the wealth which they had administered, and many of them, in their advanced age, had to beg an asylum in Mexico.

From the beginning of this cen-

tury down to the establishment of Mexican rule, the prosperity of the missions was uninterrupted. The flocks and herds increased to an extent which left the missions independent of the alms on which they had at first relied for their supplies. The population was increased by constant accession from the savage tribes of the Sierra Nevada, who presented themselves at the mission every year. When the harvest had been gathered a number of the Christian Indians visited their savage countrymen, and their representations were generally successful in inducing many to accompany them on their return, and receive instructions in Christianity. Force was strictly prohibited in bringing the Indians around the missions, but the latter presented themselves voluntarily in such numbers that in 1832 the Christian population attained the number of more than thirty thousand, though the natural increase of the old converts was comparatively small, as is generally the case among newly civilized races.

The remoteness of California saved it from sharing in the first troubles of the Mexican revolution. Hidalgo's insurrection indeed prevented the revenues of the "Pious Fund" from being transmitted to Loretto, but the resources of the missions had increased so as to be independent of such aid. An impulse was even given to new foundations in 1817, when the mission of San Rafael was established to the north of the bay of San Francisco, and Father Payeras, the then Superior, proposed the erection of a second chain of missions, pueblos, and presidios, parallel to the first, and further inland. The overthrow of the Spanish dominion alone prevented this design from being carried into execution, as the success of San Rafael showed that the zeal of the missionaries had not been relaxed by prosperity. In a few years,



Father Fortuni, its director, had gathered seventeen hundred Indians within its jurisdiction from the hitherto unvisited tribes, and it was evident that nothing but a sufficient number of missionaries was needed to secure the entire conversion of California. Unfortunately they never arrived, and the revolutions of Mexico soon stopped any further mission growth that might have been expected.

The downfall of the Spanish rule and the establishment of the Mexican Republic were proclaimed in Monterey in 1822. The majority of the white inhabitants had taken no interest in the revolution, under which, indeed, they were not left to rule themselves. The province was declared a territory of the new republic, and in 1824, General Echandia was sent from the capital as governor. The new governor's rule was marked by the usual features of ignorant liberalism. The president of the missions was driven into exile on the ground of his Spanish nationality, and constant vexations were heaped on the remaining Franciscans. In 1824 they were forbidden to exercise any authority over the Indians, and were ordered to confine themselves entirely to spiritual matters. Such a change in their relations to their converts would no doubt have been made in due time by the missionaries themselves, after the example of the Jesuits in North Mexico, but in the then state of Mexico it was fatal to California. The Indians, removed from their accustomed employments, and harassed by the white adventurers who began to pour into the country, became the terror of the inhabitants, and in 1828 the Padres were begged by the government to resume their former authority. The Indians readily returned to their missions, and for some years the prosperity of the latter was even greater than before. In 1833, according to the report of

the Prefect, San Diego contained an Indian population of two thousand five hundred, occupying seven ranchos or farms, of several leagues each in extent. The olive grove planted by Father Serra and his companions was the best in the country, and even at the present day, after thirty years of neglect, it continues to flourish. The mission possessed eleven thousand horned cattle, and more than thirty thousand sheep, and disposed annually of a large quantity of hides, tallow, and wines to the American traders, besides furnishing supplies to the garrison of the presidio. San Luis Rey had still larger possessions. Eighty thousand beeves, more than a hundred thousand sheep, and more than ten thousand horses were counted in its corrals; and its buildings were the finest in all California. Father Peyri, during his long administration of thirty-four years, had established tanneries, soap factories, distilleries, wine-presses, salt-pits, and extensive workshops of different kinds, and had gathered more than three thousand five hundred Indians under his care.

San Gabriel was even wealthier than San Luis, possessing more than a hundred thousand cattle and twenty thousand horses, with about forty thousand sheep. Agriculture, too, was carried on more extensively, and the vineyards annually yielded more than five hundred barrels of excellent wine. The Biscayan Father, Zalvidea, who administered this mission, was a man of extraordinary activity and great business capacity. He despatched a vessel every year to San Blas, laden with oil, hemp, and linen, and frequently another to Peru, with a cargo of soap or tallow. The mission possessed extensive works for making the former, and also large tanneries, besides wine presses, a distillery, a saw-mill, and workshops for different trades. The

manufacture of linen, cotton, and canvas was extensively carried on, and the mission supplied most of the cordage required by the dock-yards of San Blas. Foreign vessels brought goods in exchange for these products, and the storehouses of the mission often contained several entire cargoes purchased from them. Three splendid vineyards, four large orchards of European fruits, an olive garden, and an orangery, surrounded the mission, all kept in the highest cultivation by the Indians, and surrounded by thick hedges. The three thousand Christians who formed the population of San Gabriel enjoyed a degree of material comfort proportional to this wealth, and rarely shared by any of their illfated race. The other missions, though not equal to the three already described, shared in the common prosperity. San Luis Obispo was famous for its manufactures of cotton and wool. San José was scarcely inferior in importance to any of the great missions, and Santa Clara was not far behind it in the number of its inhabitants. The school of music in the last-named mission was celebrated throughout California, the Franciscans having organized a complete military band among the Indians. A French traveller who visited California when the missions were nearly ruined, was astonished to hear the "Marseillaise" and other airs played by the Santa Clara Indians with good taste. San Rafael, notwithstanding its late foundation, counted seventeen hundred neophytes, and San Francisco Solano, the only mission founded under the Mexican rule, gathered together a population of thirteen hundred in the ten years of its existence. The works of all the missions were executed by the Indians, under the direction of the Franciscans, assisted by a few European mechanics. The Indians, besides the labors of the farm, learned to make

bricks, to cut stones, burn lime, make roads and bridges, and erect all the buildings required. Many of their roads still remain, and are unsurpassed by those of a later date. The irrigation works executed under the Franciscan rule showed an agricultural experience unknown even to the population that has since occupied the country, and within the last few months skilled engineers are endeavoring to imitate their system on a scale adapted to the wants of modern California.

Such was the state of the missions in 1831, little more than sixty years after Father Serra had arrived in San Diego. More than thirty thousand civilized Indians enjoyed therein a prosperity unknown to almost any branch of their race. And this result had been attained without expenditure of either blood or treasure on the part of the Government of Mexico. The "Pious Fund," or estates purchased for the California missions by the alms of the Mexican Catholics in the eighteenth century, defrayed all the expenses of their establishment. The Spanish Government simply left the Franciscans free to assemble the Indians into settlements, and protected their converts, and the charity and zeal of the missionaries accomplished the rest.

The wealth accumulated by the industry of the Indians was unfortunately too tempting a prize to be let slip by the needy revolutionists who by turns seized power in Mexico. The ill success of Echandia's first attempt at depriving the Franciscans of their authority, did not prevent him from renewing his attacks in 1830. As usual, high-sounding phrases were not wanting to disguise the proposed spoliation. The Governor professed the liveliest desire for the welfare of the Indians, and on that account he urged the division of the mission property among them. To carry

out this plan he had already in 1828 appointed administrators, to act in the place of the Franciscans as managers of the estates, and these officials still continued to trouble the missionaries. The latter stoutly defended the interests of their converts, and for some years delayed, if they could not finally prevent, their destruction. The greed of the "liberal" politicians, however, was not to be baffled by a few unarmed friars. The Mexican Congress had already seized the revenues of the "Pious Fund" in 1823, and in 1832 they were formally sequestrated in the hands of Government for a period of seven years. No justification was made for this act of high-handed robbery, which some years later was consummated by the sale of the whole property by Santa Aña. The missions might and would have survived this loss; indeed, they had received little from Mexico for twenty years previous to the sequestration, but the Californian territorial Junta was not slow to follow the example set it by Congress. The Spanish birth of most of the missionaries afforded a pretext for attacking them personally. Father Martinez, the exemplary and enlightened pastor of San Luis Obispo, was exiled in 1830, and the following year the Prefect Apostolic, Father Sanchez, died of grief from the attacks of the Governor on the missions. A short respite was given by the government of Colonel Victoria in 1832, who suppressed the offices of the administrators, but he was quickly driven from his office, and under his successor, Figueroa, the attacks on the mission property recommenced with greater violence. Seven Spanish Franciscans were forced to leave the country during the first two years of his rule, leaving their missions unprovided with successors. Among them was the venerable Father Peyri, who had administered San Luis Rey from

1798, or more than thirty-eight years, and who now returned with no other wealth than his habit and sandals to beg an asylum from his brethren in Mexico. The Indians, who owed their welfare entirely to his labors, were inconsolable at his departure, which they well knew was the forerunner of their ruin, and for years afterwards they continued to hope for his return.

The departure of so many missionaries, and the death of others, left several of the missions without pastors, and in 1833 the Mexican Congress, in a moment of justice and good sense, decreed that successors should be provided for the banished Franciscans. In accordance with this decree, eleven priests were sent to California by the Convent of our Lady of Guadalupe at Zacatecas. They proceeded on foot to San Blas, there to await an opportunity of embarking for Monterey. At San Blas they were met by Mr. Forbes, an English Protestant, who, in spite of his anti-Catholic prejudices, was much struck by their pious and humble demeanor. All were dressed in coarse serge, and displayed a close adherence to the spirit of their rule in their whole demeanor. They had unfortunately only too much need for the exercise of patience on their voyage. The captain of the vessel which was to carry them to California suddenly joined a revolutionary party and put them on shore, and it was only after long delays that they were able to reach their missions. The tardy justice thus shown by the Mexican Government was, however, incapable of arresting the destruction of the missions. The Spanish Californians had fully imbibed the taste for plunder, and they were not to be balked of their prey. The character of the white population in California never stood high. The soldiers who were the first colonists were but little suited to found industrious com-



munities, and since the establishment of Mexican rule they were usually men of the lowest character. Idleness and gambling were the prevalent vices among all classes, and the *rancheros*, whose notions had been unsettled by the constant revolutions of ten years, looked with covetous eyes on the riches accumulated by the industry of the Indians. The lay administrators, who had been gradually forcing themselves into possession of the missions, were not disposed to give them up to the newly arrived Franciscans. The Territorial Assembly finally decreed, in August, 1834, the entire secularization of the missions. As usual, the most brilliant promises accompanied this spoliation. The missionaries were to continue to direct the spiritual welfare of their converts, and to receive salaries from the property of the mission. The Indians were to receive lands and cattle in full property, and lay administrators were to continue the mission establishments for their benefit.

It is hardly necessary to say what was the execution given to these flattering promises. Figueroa made a pretext of allotting farms and cattle to the Indians, but the greatest part of the stock, and the best lands, were reserved for what were styled the "wants of the Government," which might more justly have been styled the greed of the governor. The administrators, generally old domestics of the missions, hastened to enrich themselves with the wealth intrusted to their care; the best farms were granted to friends of the governor, and the cattle which did not share the same fate were in many cases carried off by the neighboring *rancheros*. The Indians, no longer protected by the Franciscans, and exposed to constant violence and robbery from their white neighbors, soon abandoned the missions. Those who received cattle, and

were not robbed of them by the *rancheros*, usually sold them for brandy, and the majority returned to savage life. The missionaries still struggled to keep a remnant of their flocks around the missions, but it was an unavailing attempt. The governor, Alvarado, after setting up for a time an independent state in California, obtained from the Mexican Congress, in 1836, a decree completing the spoliation of the missions, and he and his partisans hastened to seize on the last remnants of their property. Alvarado seized for himself a part of the cattle still remaining at the mission of Carmel, and sold the whole establishment of La Soledad for a rancho near Monterey. The venerable pastor of this mission actually died of want in 1838, while attempting to say mass for the few of his converts that he still kept together. General Vallejo seized the mission of San Francisco Solano, and the cattle belonging to that of San Rafael, both of which he entirely ruined. The materials of the buildings at Solano were used to construct his own private house, and the forty or fifty Indians that remained of its thirteen hundred converts were employed as his servants. A similar fate befell San Juan Bautista, and in 1842, when Micheltorena endeavored to restore the missions, the work of destruction was too far advanced to be stayed. His overthrow sealed their downfall, and the disappearance of the Indians under American rule leaves no hope of their restoration. A few hundreds still remain round the old mission farms, and three or four thousand more are incorporated with the Spanish population, but the destruction of the great mass of the converted Indians by Mexican anarchy is a fact scarcely less striking than their civilization by the Franciscans. The Mexican Indians, driven to the woods and

mountains to escape the vexations of the rancheros, fell victims to the epidemics which decimated the savage populations about the years 1839 and 1840. So rapid was the depopulation, that the census taken of 1842 showed only four thousand Indians remaining at the missions. Perhaps an equal number were scattered through the pueblos and ranchos, but the rest were either destroyed or lost forever to civilization.

Few pages in history are more affecting than the fate of the missions raised with such patient devotion. The French diplomatist, De Mofra, to whom we are indebted for much valuable information respecting California, describes them as he found them after seven years of the revolutionary administration, and his narrative must excite the sympathy of every man of feeling. The mission of San Diego in 1840 was crumbling to ruins, its vineyards and olive plantations were running wild, and its works deserted. The herds and flocks, which numbered forty thousand horned cattle and nearly as many sheep in 1833, had disappeared, and the old Franciscan who remained amid the ruins had only succeeded in preserving a single farm, two leagues away, for his Indians. The twenty-five hundred inhabitants of seven years before had dwindled to five hundred, who still remained on the spot of ground left to them; the rest had wandered away or perished. Father Peyri's old mission of San Luis had fared even worse. Father Gonzalez, its pastor, had only been able to keep together four hundred of its once numerous population, on the outlying farm of Las Flores, where they still preserved something of the order and government introduced by the missionaries. The alcaldes came to salute the visitor, and ask him in Spanish for news of their still remembered guide.

At San Gabriel the extensive plantations and manufactories of Zalvidea were abandoned, and the youngest of the Spanish Franciscans was found moulding bricks among the four hundred Indians that remained of three thousand. A part of the others furnished Los Angeles with the labor required for cultivating its fields, being miserably paid, and often abused by their white employers. Even in their misery the Indians still preserved the habits of industry given them by the missionaries, and they alone performed any agricultural work in California. San Fernando and Santa Barbara had fared a little better, but in each the population was reduced to a third of its former number, and all the great works had been abandoned. San José had only four hundred of its twenty-three hundred Christians. And Father Gonzalez, whose exertions still enabled them to maintain some degree of prosperity, was actually placed on rations by the lay administrator. Desiring to offer some refreshment to his foreign visitor, the worthy priest had to beg a double allowance from the lay occupant of the mission, who thereupon sent him two plates of beef and some wretched corn bread, though his own table was well supplied. The priest, thus unworthily recompensed for a life of sacrifice and toil, made no complaint on his own account, and only raised his voice to protest against the ill-treatment of his Indians. Not content with previous spoliations, some of the neighboring rancheros were seeking to remove the latter entirely from the mission, to form a town at some distance off, thus depriving the unfortunate natives of their last protection. Santa Clara had lost five-sixths of its inhabitants, but the buildings were tolerably well preserved, and are now occupied by the Jesuits as a

College. Santa Inez had preserved a considerable part of its cattle, but only two hundred and fifty of its thirteen hundred Indians. San Buenaventura and La Concepcion were without priests, and almost deserted, and the magnificent buildings of San Miguel were only inhabited by twenty or thirty Indians. La Soledad, San Juan, and Carmelo had been entirely ruined, as well as the northern missions of San Francisco Solano and San Rafael, and San Francisco only preserved about fifty Indians. A still sadder sight was presented by San Antonio, where Father Gutierrez, almost paralyzed and helpless, was refused by the administrator the means of entertaining his visitor. The most affecting spectacle, however, was offered by San Luis Obispo, where the oldest of the Californian missionaries, who had almost been a contemporary of Father Serra, was found alone. Scarcely a hundred Indians were left of thirteen hundred that had formed this congregation; but the venerable priest refused to leave them, and declared he would die at his post. The sight of the venerable religious, who had seen the rise and full development of the mission, then left without a companion in his ruined mission, and depending for his daily food upon the plunderers of his flock, made a deep impression on his French visitor. After nearly sixty years of toil in the missions, the Father had no other bed than an ox hide, no cup but a horn, and no food but some sun-dried beef. All was unable to wring a complaint from his lips, or to induce him to quit his post. He even still spoke of fresh missions, and of planting Christianity among the savage tribes. The whole of the missions in 1842 only counted four thousand five hundred Indians, instead of nearly thirty-one thousand at the date of the secularization. The

number of horned cattle had fallen from more than four hundred thousand to twenty-eight thousand, the horses from sixty-two thousand to less than four thousand, and the sheep from three hundred and twenty thousand to less than a tenth of that number. The yield of cereals had fallen from a hundred and twenty thousand bushels to less than seven thousand, and that of the vineyards to almost nothing. The cultivation of cotton, flax, and hemp, as well as of the olive and many other fruits, had been entirely abandoned, and the irrigation works and manufactories allowed to go to ruins. As the old missionaries died their places were left unsupplied, and the deserted missions continued to fall to ruins, or became the abode of the first comer. California was finally erected into a diocese in 1840, and the arrival of its first bishop in 1843 may be regarded as the final end of the Franciscan missions.

As might be expected, the plunder of the missions added little to the prosperity of the white population. The larger part of the cattle was recklessly slaughtered in the course of a few years, and the fields and vineyards which had yielded such abundant returns to the toil of the Indians were abandoned for want of cultivators. Many of the most valuable crops ceased to be produced, as cotton, hemp, and flax, and the oil, soap, and other manufactures of the missions were scarcely made in quantities sufficient for the wants of the country. The American conquest and the discovery of gold in the Sacramento River a few years afterwards, brought a new population to California, and few of the spoilers of the missions now retain their illgotten acquisitions. The churches and buildings not already alienated were secured to the Catholic Church by the treaty of annexation, and many of them are still used, and serve to



recall the memory of their founders. The race for whose salvation the latter toiled so well has wellnigh passed away, but other worshippers, professing the same faith, and destined, it is hoped, to perpetuate it in the land, have taken their place, and the memory of the Franciscans is yet potent for good among the new population of California.

Such is the brief story of the California Missions. Catholic charity and religious self-sacrifice solved in them the problem that has baffled for nearly a century the statesmen of the American Union, namely, how to preserve the Indians. The blood and gold so lavishly spent on Indian wars and treaties, and often with the best intentions, have failed to raise a single savage tribe to civilization within the United States. The half-civilized Cherokees and Iroquois alone have preserved

an often-threatened existence, but it has been found impossible to bind down the wilder tribes to settled homes, or even to let them dwell among the white population, while the Franciscans gathered around them spontaneously thousands from the most degraded races on the continent, and won them to habits of labor. That the greed of those who should have been its protectors overthrew their work, and that their converts perished under the blight of revolutionary lawlessness, cannot be laid to their charge. Their task was to convert and civilize, not to raise armies, or set up governments for their own defence, and that they accomplished, as it has never been elsewhere accomplished in the United States, as it never was or will be accomplished anywhere save by those who share the same spirit of Catholic charity.

---

## IN THE STRIFE.

### THE HEART.

I DIE, I die! this toil I cast aside!  
 It weighs me to the earth! I cannot bear  
 Its weary burden, which my strength has tried,  
 Until I eager fly to deep despair.  
 A cool and tempting sea, wherein I cast  
 All turmoil, and deprived of power it lies;  
 A dark, unknown abyss, where falleth fast  
 All care, and then, in shadow low, it dies!

### THE SOUL.

E'en so, transfixed upon the weary cross,  
 Two thousand years ago, cried thus, O, God's Heart!  
 But seeing its despair would be thy loss,  
 From its dread agony, it would not part.  
 Heaven waited but His look to free its Lord;  
*The look came not.* Ah! steadfast then He clung,  
 That thou despair shouldst conquer with a word.  
 Hush! 'tis the name of that on which He hung!

## LOVE AND DUTY.

## AN IRISH STORY.

## CHAPTER I.

IN one of the most beautiful valleys of Ireland, sleeping in the warm flash of a bright July sun, stood as pretty a little cottage and surroundings as the eye of the poet could contemplate or the skill of the artist portray.

Covered with climbing rose trees that clung, and crept, and hung a wealth of flowery gems from eave to basement, and of that intermediate size which presents to one's mind the idea of a bower of comfort, a very palace of home delights, Woodbine Cottage stood in the midst of its pretty little garden, rose-alleyed, box-bordered, and now replete with all the wealth of flowers that spring to the caresses of the summer sunbeams; all old-fashioned beautiful flowers, such as carnations, gillyflowers, and others of the good antiquated style.

Around it spread a scattered grove of chestnut trees, through whose large-leaved foliage the sun-beam glanced here and there, stencilling the bright luxuriant sward that spread beneath, and turning the brown-hued sycamore trunk into a netting of variegated silvered and golden gray.

Away on either side were undulating hills, beneath whose bases the heavy-foliaged elms stood, denoting where a river glided placidly, murmuring its lazy croon while it stole along, now dark in shade and again brightly glancing as it emerged from beneath the shadows of the tall trees overhanging its margin, and so onward in its checkered course until it lost itself in the broad expanse of a clear lake, that added the last and most beautiful feature to the scene.

The golden-banded bee wended

his way from flower to flower, while he tooted his merry horn, only silent as he paused to sip honey from the curled recesses of the orchis or foxglove; a hundred merry-voiced grasshoppers chirped from every tuft, and made up the chorus that throbbed and throbbed like the pulses of a vivid life, that though now it seemed to sleep showed life in every phase of the scene; faintly mellowed by distance came snatches of melody across the meadows from some orange-billed blackbird, which in the cool shadow of a riverside thicket felt the luxury of life that flushed within him and around him, and feeling, gave vent to his delight in bursts of song that rippled, flowed, and lost themselves in the stretches of warm sunny air.

Rich, radiant July!

Near the rustic gate leading into the cottage-garden, embowered in rose-trees, and canopied by a wealth of intertwining woodbine stems and leaves, from whose every part hung tasselled honeysuckles, golden and crimson streaked, that flung an odor almost too rich around on the already heavily perfumed air, was a pretty circular seat, on which sat a young girl, well in keeping with all around her. Beautiful she was in good truth; and yet it was not in regularity of contour her fairness consisted. There was none of the Grecian statue in the broad brow, over which her golden brown hair fell profusely; nor in the violet dark eyes, rather irregular nose, and sweet full lips. Indeed, it was in expression that her chief beauty lay. Everchanging as the skies of her own native land, whether flashing with mirth or sympathizing with some pensive tale, her face was one to charm with its "beauty

truly blest, whose red and white, Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

Twenty summers had garlanded Woodbine Cottage since that on which the wee Minnie Connor first opened her dark eyes on the world. Twenty summers—and each succeeding summer saw her grow more and more fair, at the same time increasing in amiability beneath the loving guidance of her mother, until she became the very soul of the cottage, alike dear to all who knew her, from the admiring domestics to the almost idolizing parents.

In truth as she reclined on the shady seat that bright July day, she formed a very fair and pretty picture. The *petite* form, graceful as the golden-colored osier that drooped over the river below, was robed in garments of spotless white, pencilled here and there by straggling sunbeams, that now and again found their way through the leafy awning to gaze on the fair form, and lose themselves among the waves of golden glossy hair; a hat hung carelessly in one hand, while the other supported the shapely head—pretty hands, but not too pretty for the commonplaces of life; just pretty and useful in happy combination. A volume of poems, by Longfellow, had fallen from her hands, and lay unheeded on the seat; for she was now engaged in thought that dreamily shone in her dark eyes, and was denoted by the partly opened smiling lips through which her teeth shone, as a row of pearls gleaming through red coral.

She was picturing to herself the beautiful little village of Grand-pré, which the poet describes so eloquently in a few lines—every line a very poem in itself. The evening scene where the good pastor walks down the street; and then her thoughts wandered to Evangeline and "Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith;" the departure of Gabriel and the desola-

tion of the happy confraternities; the wanderings of the faithful girl after her loved one—but here her thoughts ran off into a different yet somewhat parallel channel, as she thought of Hugh Brady, far away amid the wilds of the far distant Australian Bush, toiling to win wealth for her sake. And her mind ran over the vistas of her past existence; shadowed by no cloud save one, from the time she first remembered Hugh as her companion in every sport, in every wandering by the riverside, until the day he came to her with pale features and flurried manner to announce the death of his father, and worse and worse, the ruinous condition in which he had left his affairs. And soon Hugh was made to understand by Minnie's prudent money-loving father, that said father's son-in-law must possess, if not a greater amount of money than he intended to dower his daughter with, at least an equal amount of that very necessary article; and so one word led to another, until Hugh was called a penniless beggar, which compliment was returned by the appellation of a miserly old man, followed by a declaration that he, Hugh, would never return until he could buy Woodbine Cottage twice over. So, after an interview with Minnie, during which mutual vows were exchanged, Hugh departed, commended to the care of Mary, the Star of the Sea, by Minnie; a commendation renewed every morning and evening as she prayed in the solitude of her chamber before her little lace-draped altar; and oftener it arose from her heart in the silence of the fields or as she followed the routine of the household duties.

The day wore on; slowly, yet steadily, the sun traversed the cloudless blue expanse, and the shadows grew long and slanting; yet Minnie, wrapt in thought, still continued dreaming. A pert little wren, attracted by the coolness and



deceived by the silence, fluttered to the door, but suddenly perceiving the occupant, uttered such a sharp series of his little creaking notes of alarm as fully to awake the damsel from her reverie; and then Master Wren, hopping from spray to spray, cocked his little tail and bobbed his tiny head as his sparkling bead-like eyes glanced from beneath leaf and spray, and all the while chattering away at a furious rate, as though the safety of every bird for miles around depended on his warnings.

Thus aroused, Minnie picked up her book and tripped off gaily to the house, her heart full of confidence in Hugh, and the protection of the Mother in Heaven.

In a few moments she emerged at the back of the house, where her appearance was greeted with a storm of applause from the various feathered creatures which expected with her arrival a supply of creature comforts.

Long-legged turkeys, gobbling loudly as they ran; ducks that strove hard to get up a lively walk, with obliquely-held head, out of which the dark eyes glanced knowingly; a stately cock, accompanied by the numerous members of his harem, one of which, followed by a brood of down-clad, long-legged chickens, kept up a continual cackling, varied now and then by a furious rush at something near. Soon, however, the noise abated, and Minnie heard her name called from the house. Turning around, she saw it was her father called, as he stood at the back window of the parlor, in company with Matthew Griffin, a middle-aged farmer, whose visits to the cottage were much more frequent lately than she at all liked. He was unmarried, and every time he called her father seemed to grow more moody than ever. Many a time had she questioned her mother, but Mrs. Connor was as much in the dark as her daughter, and could

offer no solution. In obedience to the call she distributed the remaining food at once, and hastened back to the house. As she entered, the clapping of the front gate intimated that the unwelcome visitor had taken his leave for that time; so it was with more lively steps she proceeded into the parlor, from which her father had called. He was still standing at the window, gazing off into the orchard and the meadow beyond.

He was thinking deeply, for he did not seem to notice her when she entered, and it was not until she touched him on the shoulder he looked around. She was startled at the expression of gloom on his features, an expression not usual in his daughter's presence, for she seemed to act upon his harsh nature like the summer sunbeams on a mountain lakelet. But though something of such an effect gleamed in his gray eyes, yet no smile appeared on his face as he gazed on her smiling features. He opened his lips to speak, but with a pained look he again turned to the window and looked out; then suddenly turning, he spoke sharply:

"Minnie, my child! time is fleeting; I and your mother are growing old. We wish to see our darling comfortably settled before we"—

"Nonsense, father!" was the abrupt interruption of the as abrupt speech her father had commenced with. "Neither you nor mother will die for twenty, thirty years to come; and—and surely you have not grown tired of me yet!" and here she pressed closer to her father, and wreathed her arm around his neck.

"But Minnie, you will marry *some time*, and it's just as good now as any other time. There, not a word now!" as she was about to interrupt him, "not a word now, until I tell you all I've got to say. You must, as I told your mother last evening, marry one day or

another; and as there is no time like the present, and you have got a good offer, why I think the best thing we can do is to marry you right off at once!"

"But, father! I shall never marry, except"—

"Stop, my pet! Do I not love you dearly, and do you think I would advise you to act wrongly? Besides, Matthew Griffin is a rich man, and"—

"Matthew Griffin? What! that old man!" said Minnie sharply, while she withdrew her arm from him. "Would you, indeed, ask me to wed such an"—

"And why not?" returned her father as his brows contracted slightly, "Is he not an excellent match for you? Park House, which he bought from that worthless scamp, Brady, is the best"—

"Father!" exclaimed Minnie, and her father saw her eyes *could* flash, "I do not care how you praise that sordid old man, but I will not—I cannot stand by, and hear you malign Hugh, the son of your old esteemed friend—a welcome visitor to your house until he became poor by no fault of his; and all because of the wretched gold Griffin has, and Hugh has not. Hugh is good and true, and—and forgive me, father, if I may seem too bold, but I love Hugh, and I will never, never marry another!" And here poor Minnie burst into a tempest of sobs that shuddered through every fibre of her frame.

"Minnie, you'd better go to your mother; she will tell you another reason for your compliance. But, bear in mind the fact that my decision is and shall be unalterable. You must marry Matthew Griffin."

He compressed his lips, and she knew but too well how firmly he was determined to carry out the resolve he had made.

#### CHAPTER II.

POOR MINNIE! How soon had all the bright beauty of the day van-

ished, leaving instead an air of universal sadness on the whole scene, on the land and on the sky. She found her mother seated outside the door, and while she hid her face in the folds of her parent's dress, she strove to tell between sobs all the words her father spoke.

"No receipt openeth the heart," says Bacon, "but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatever lieth upon the heart to oppose it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession." Truly does the quaint old writer express himself. What is so sweet as to mark the joy of a true friend at one's good fortune? And what eases the heart that is almost breaking with the weight of solitary grief, more than imparting one's sorrow to a friend, who can truly sympathize? And if a common friend can do so much, then, in a much greater degree, can a mother comfort—a mother! the first, the best, most beloved of friends!

And so, in a few minutes, the sobs ceased; and the story was told. However, the good woman could not bestow much comfort; in fact, she could only augment her child's grief, when she related the reason her husband had referred to. She could only tell her that Griffin had her father in his power; that at any moment he could ruin him and them.

It appeared that affairs had gone wrong with Connor for some months past. Crops had failed, cattle failed, friends failed; and between all the failures, he was obliged to borrow money of Griffin, who gave it freely for some time until he had the other completely in his power, when he turned on him and gave a choice of two things—complete ruin, or the bestowal of Minnie's hand, for he was of an age not to care much as to the heart. Of two evils choose the least; and, it seemed to Minnie's

father that it was far easier for her to bestow her hand on his creditor, than be flung out on the world with—and this was the bitterest reflection for the gentle-hearted girl—her parents driven from the dear old cottage, where they had experienced a life far smoother in its course than most mortals drift upon.

Poor Minnie! Now, indeed, was she placed in a very unenviable position. On one hand, filial love urged her to sacrifice herself, while on the other, a deeper, a more intense feeling, urged her to be true to him who had her heart with all its wealth of love and prayers. She could not be false to her vows and love.

Her mother kept silent, leaving her to take counsel with her heart. If only she were concerned, there would be no hesitation in her mind as to the course she would advise; but how would the man she loved as ardently this day as twenty years ago, how would his proud, gloomy nature bear poverty—and worse, to one of his disposition, the pity of those around?

It would kill him, she feared; and, perhaps, on the other hand, if Minnie consented, would she survive the sacrifice of her tender heart? She could not say one word in comfort or otherwise.

Minnie heard her mother sighing, and starting passionately from her side, she hurried away to think in silence over the dilemma she had found herself placed in so unexpectedly.

As she walked down the meadows towards the river, the sun was just setting behind the hills, and the whole western sky was changed into a sheet of bright crimson gold, graduating away into lake and purple, until it merged into blue again.

Slowly, provokingly slowly, it seemed to Minnie, whose thoughts were all in a flutter, and could ap-

preciate none of its sweet, calm beauty, glided the river along, tipped here and there by the willow-leaves that drooped over it, as if trying to fathom the secrets of the pool below, where the carmine-flecked trout dart about like a stray sunbeam, and then spring to seize some unwary fly, and so sending a series of circling waves to the shore, that as the setting sun gleamed on them, seemed changed to gold.

When Minnie reached a level portion of sward that sloped down to the water, until the daisies almost kissed their reflections, she sat down and pressed her throbbing temples against the rich grass. Her thoughts were in a perfect tumult, but insensibly the solemn beauty of the evening soothed her troubled spirit, and as she listed to the “mellow murmur of the river gliding on mid the gray hills downward bending in obeisance to its tide,” mingled with the music of the birds that ever love to sing in the cool of the evening, she felt its charm subdue her soul, changing its turmoil to a holy peace.

That night, Minnie prayed more fervently than perhaps ever before in her life—prayed to the Mother of God to direct and help her in her trouble. Yet though she felt the effect of them in the calm that fell upon her spirit, she could come to no conclusion.

One way was despair, worse than death, to herself; the other, death to her parents, who would never survive the shock of being ousted from their home. And then the shock was so sudden, so fearful, that she could scarcely credit her recollection on being awakened next morning by the chorussing of a rich-toned thrush, seated on the topmost branch of a sycamore; she thought that the vague sense of misfortune brooding over her soul must be the effect of some dark vision of the night.



Little thought was required to convince her of the stern reality; and again, she implored the Virgin Mother to help her in the dire strait she was placed in.

Her father made no mention of the affair that day; on the next he informed her that her suitor had allowed her one week to decide; at the same time, as she had heard from her mother, vowing to do all he had threatened, if answered in the negative; while, on the other hand, in case she accepted him, he would forgive her father the amount he owed, and furthermore, would advance any sum Connor might in future require.

Slowly the days wore on, and still the maiden was undecided.

Now, she was resolved to dare all, and keep her hand for him who must forever hold her heart. She could not, would not, prove unfaithful to him, whom she felt in her heart of hearts was true to her, as he toiled in the opposite, far-away quarters of the world. But anon came the thought of all she owed her dear parents, the tender solicitude that watched over her childhood, the kind counsels, the numerous little compliments ever paid her, even by her father—all, all flooded through her mind, and swept away every resolution formed anterior to them.

She walked about as if in a dream, and performed her duties mechanically—a moving automaton, motion, as it were, but no life. And, at length, the last day of the allotted time came round, but Minnie was as yet undecided; she could do nothing but sit at the window of her room, and gaze vacantly out on the scene below.

In the midst of her meditations she saw the revered form of her parish priest—dear, kind Father Rohan—coming up the road, and at once, she determined to seek his advice, and act accordingly.

So, starting up, she descended,

and opening the door, sped lightly down the pathway, and held the gate open as the good man entered.

“How is my child, this beautiful day?” was the query of the priest, with whom Minnie was an especial favorite. He had poured on her head the waters of life; had prepared her for her first Communion, as well as for Confirmation; and had persuaded old Connor to place his daughter under the care of the good nuns in the neighboring town to complete her education; at the same time raising her thoughts above the low level of this fleeting life, but too prevalent amongst most maidens.

It was, therefore, with a free heart that Minnie, after drawing the priest into the garden seat, revealed to him everything, concealing none of her sentiments.

He heard her with surprise and sorrow, for there was no more than one person, save the family most interested, who knew of Connor’s embarrassments, and that one was the hard-hearted Griffin.

After thinking for a few moments, however, he looked up, and as he gazed on Minnie with his clear hazel eyes she knew he had come to some conclusion.

“My child,” said he, “you must be true to yourself, true to your vows, true to Hugh!” And he emphasized his words by a little energetic tap of his neat blackthorn cane.

Minnie’s heart leaped within her bosom at these words. All was ended now. The path, though it might be rugged, was yet clearly marked out for her, and it led to rest, to peace, to happiness in the end! And after all, the good pastor’s decision was not to be wondered at, when one considered that Hugh was as much a favorite as Minnie from his early boyhood up! “Yes, Minnie,” he continued, “trust in God and the Blessed Virgin, and tread in the straight path.

Sorrow may be yours for a while, but patient endurance for the love of Him who trod the path of Calvary will render you more perfect, more worthy of reward! I will go to your parents now to tell them of your decision, and try to make your father approve of it. That's right!" as a smile once more lit up her face. "Let Matthew Griffin do his best, or rather worst, we will strive to lighten the burden by sharing it between us. Good day, now;" and so concluding his speech he turned from the arbor, and proceeded to enter.

### CHAPTER III.

WHAT a mere unstable thing is the human mind! how it is acted upon by circumstances, depressed by sorrow—raised, enlivened, given a soul to, by joy! A few minutes ago, Minnie acted as if in a trance, now she felt again all the pleasures, the delights of existence. She heard the corn-crakes, adown in the corn-fields, call to one another with monotonous regularity, and she found music in their harsh notes, while a solitary crow, sailing leisurely along, uttered a caw as if rejoicing with her in her joy.

In one word, nature once more had a soul! Mrs. Connor had at once consented to Father Rohan's wishes, but her husband was not so easily changed. He respected the priest as a man, and loved him as a priest; but he well knew that Father Rohan's charitable and generous nature had not left him money sufficient to satisfy Griffin's claims. Besides, he was still very bitter against young Brady, and could not be forced to repose that confidence in him the others felt. However, he would not oppose his wife, daughter, and priest; so as there was no help for it, Woodbine Cottage should be parted with.

As might be anticipated, Griffin, on hearing this, to him unexpected, resolve, grew almost frantic, and immediately proceeded to put his

threat into execution. His claims amounted to much more than Connor's own calculation, and ruin, hopeless ruin, stared them in the face. It was in vain Father Rohan gave all he could, and promised more, striving to obtain a little clemency from the hard-hearted debtor; Griffin was inexorable. He yet hoped to force Minnie to his purpose, and so grew more than ever determined.

July had passed; it was autumn, and nature had become more gorgeous, more magnificent than ever. The ripening corn-fields spread away in amber expanses, with here and there a darker varnished shade, as the light breezes bent the heavy-headed stalks; the elm's dark-green foliage was tinged with a light auburn brightness, more than beautiful, though but the symptom of decay; the willow had assumed quite a golden cast, and now and again, a leaf would flutter sighingly from its parent stem, and drop lightly on the waters of the river, that seemed as if clasping it to its breast, while it eddied and whirled it along; the blackbird had ceased to sing, though the clear notes of the thrush yet gave vocal charms to the scene; and it was evident the year was growing old, yet growing beautiful, with a fleeting evanescent blush, such as lights the face of one preyed upon by the insidious disease, consumption.

Outside Woodbine Cottage, the roses were still in bloom, though the ground beneath was strewn with many a petal, and flowerless footstalks were to be seen in the beds. As yet all was beautiful and bright outside, but all was sad and drear within.

This was the last day in the old home! on the morrow it would be in the hands of strangers—the household gods desecrated by rude, nay, sacrilegious fingers, and the once happy inmates flung on the cold charity of their neighbors; for

though every one was willing to befriend them who always assisted the friendless, yet, however warmly aid may be given, it will still fall coldly on the hearts of the receivers.

Silently and sadly, like spectres one might say, the three principal persons walked or rather wandered aimlessly from room to room.

There was no reproach in word or look to Minnie, but still she imagined such in the constant yet unconscious sighings of her mother, and the averted downcast face of her father.

And even as the day wore on, her heart reproached her for the misery she could prevent, even though the price be more than her strength could bear. Even Father Rohan, who visited the cottage at midday, was dubious as to the wisdom of his advice; for, after all, human nature is human nature, and no more; Hugh might not be worth the sacrifice—he was worth it, that he could vouch for; but it is not always absence makes the heart grow fonder; and he had never written home since he landed in Australia; and, in fact, the good priest's mind was confused, so that he could not clearly reflect one way or another.

The day wore on; Minnie was praying in her room before a picture of the Immaculate Conception — praying for light to see and strength to bear. She reflected on the great Sufferer for the sake of all, and it seemed to her that her sacrifice could not compare in the slightest, the very least degree with His; and her heart seemed to whisper, in the words of Elsie in the Golden Legend, how more or less woman's life is "full of woe," a dower the sin of Eve bequeaths to her sex, and as the golden rays of the setting sun streamed through the window into the room and gilt the pictures until the Madonna seemed to smile — she resolved

rather to obtain the blessing of Mary.

My life is little, only a cup of water,  
But pure and limpid—  
Take it, oh! my prince!

Yes! she would sacrifice herself for those she loved!

Full of the resolve she hurried to ask her mother; but Mrs. Connor had gone out, so that she should not face her father; Minnie passed out and walked towards the river.

She could not, however, find her in any direction, though she traversed all her usual haunts.

Oh! it was a bitter, a very bitter sacrifice!

And Hugh! Well, perhaps he would meet some other girl, whom he could love and be happy, as she hoped he would; but, what was life to her, what could it be, save a scene of misery from which death would be a willing release. Through life she would have no enjoyment—nothing but dreary watching from day to day for the coming of that which seemed to her in the spring-time as dark and dismal as it was now welcome. Yes, the ordeal of death seemed to her comparatively nothing to the sad monotony, the vague hopelessness, of her future life.

She wandered about by the banks of the river vaguely, from place to place, until she found herself near the old bridge, at the side of which a small patch of sward ran down to the water's edge. The golden-leaved willows encompassed it, and a tall old elm, springing from one of the clumps, spread its hoar old branches overhead, giving a shade to the sweet retreat.

This was a favorite spot for her and Hugh, and the sight of it now almost upset all her resolutions. Coming upon it unexpectedly, a feeling arose in her breast. O that feeling! that feeling! who can describe it? who has not felt it? whether it arises from the view of some familiar old love-spot, a long-



preserved letter, a lock of hair! She flung herself on the ground and then gave way to a wild weeping.

After some time, her grief gradually subsided, and the sorrowing parents there alone in the old cottage recurring to her mind, she determined to pursue the course she had marked out.

She rose to her feet, and in pursuit of a sudden thought, determined to put an end to her woe, one way at least, by disclosing her resolution to Griffin in person.

His house, Hugh's once, was but two fields away, and it was preferable to go to Park House at once; thus settling the matter and preventing the agony of another night's unrest. So crossing the bridge, she hastened along the road leading to Park House.

And here, too, every tree, every little hill or vale, had some reminiscence connected with the oldtime happiness; there was the little stream down which they had launched their fragile boats, made out of the broad leaves of the iris, for the whole space of a long summer's evening; and, a little further on its course, the smooth-swarded bank, where they had often sought for the luscious wild strawberries. She marked, too, the tall ash tree rising out of a scrub of holly and brier, up which he climbed to find a thrush's nest, and had descended quicker than he had ascended, falling, nest and all, fifteen or twenty feet, through holly and bramble, to the immense detriment of clothes and flesh, and the great alarm of Minnie, standing beneath.

But why strive to recount all, when there was an old recollection attached to everything? It was but prolonging the pain to pause and to think; so she hurried the more swiftly on.

Turning the old avenue she caught a glimpse of a group of persons standing at the door, among

whom she recognized the venerable form of Father Rohan.

So much the better; it was a relief to her that some one should be present to ease the embarrassment she scarcely hoped to avoid.

When she came in sight of Park House again, there was no one to be seen, but the door hung open, while the whole house seemed to strike her with a loathsome effect. The blood rushed to her head as she thought on what she was about to do; her heart felt as lead within her bosom, and an uncomfortable, hot sensation crept up her throat.

However, there was no use in delaying; only a prolongation of grief—and she approached the porch. As she came nearer, she experienced 'a new sensation—strange as new—a feeling of desperation, rage, almost madness, against Griffin, the author of all her griefs.

It was with haughty head, then, and bright, stormy eyes, she entered.

There was nought of hesitation now, as she turned towards the parlor, so often the scene of many a pleasant hour, never, alas! to be repeated.

O happiness! happiness! wert thou not a Dead Sea fruit, fair to look upon, but when tasted, nothing save dust and ashes! She paused amid the gathering shadows one moment, for her bosom seemed suffocating. Her heart gave one wail over the loves and pleasures of the past, about to be forever buried, and then she entered.

It was yet bright within, for the light from the west entered through a western window. She saw three persons seated within. Two of them rose hastily, one of the two rushed forward, and with a scream she fell into the arms of Hugh Brady!

Oh! the bliss of that bright moment repaid her for all, even were

her troubles threefold. She lay silent—too happy, too blest, to move from his clasp, while old Father Rohan saw something very admirable out of the window and felt something very troublesome in his eyes; and the third person, Mr. Griffin, shuffled some papers laid on the table, and smiled cynically!

*I do not rhyme to that dull elf,  
Who cannot picture to himself—*

singeth the wizard of the North, and *I* write not for those who cannot imagine all that followed. Woodbine Cottage remained with the Connors, and Park House was returned to its lawful owner, who had parted with it on the condition of repossessing it, as soon as

he found himself in a position to pay off the mortgage.

He had been enabled to do this by one of those sudden freaks of fortune, for he had fallen upon quite a treasure at the diggings, while those around could obtain comparatively nothing.

And when winter came upon the land, hushing the voice of the river, and bestowing a feathery garment on hill and dell, on a bright, frosty morning, with all around fair and joyous, Father Rohan united his protégés in the bonds of marriage, so that Minnie became after all the mistress of Park House!

## MORE ABOUT THE MANAGEMENT OF OUR HOUSE OF REFUGE.

It never for a moment occurred to us when we furnished the *RECORD* with "Let there be Light," that such a commotion could have been created. Letter upon letter, inquiry after inquiry has been made as to how any one could be so bold as to attack either our House of Refuge, its report, or the competency of the managers of the former and the compilers of the latter.

The appended note is of a class with several we have received. Could not public opinion be brought to bear as effectively on our American military school or prison?

"Prominent among the many charitable institutions of which Catholic Dublin can justly be proud, is the Hibernian Military School situated in the Phœnix Park. This institution was founded, and largely endowed by the government, for the education and training for a

military life of the orphans of Irish soldiers who, in England's cause, had shed their blood in the Crimean war, like the devoted men whom General Grant led to death at Shiloh and in the Wilderness. The great majority of these destitute orphans were Catholics. But, as in some countries in our day, religious liberty, in Ireland, was only a name. As the Church Establishment, with its rich benefices, was designed for the aggrandizement of the minority of the nation, so was the Hibernian School, with its endowments, used for the benefit of the minority of the orphans. The ministers of the Established Church, or, indeed, those of any church or sect save the Catholic, not excepting the Bonzes or Lamas of Thibet, had free access to this institution. The priest only and his religion were discarded. To him only was it forbidden to approach

those brave young souls, who, rather than forsake the faith of their fathers, suffered the effects (often even to the lash) of the cruelty of their unrelenting masters; and resisted the alluring baits of proselytism. Often have many of these red-coated little boys, on their return from the city to the institution, approached me, during my evening walks in the Park, to tell their many tales, in whispering tones, of grief and suffering. One, how he was flogged because he had made known the injustice with which he was treated; another, how he had lost his stripes or V's because he would not become a Protestant; a third, how, although most deserving, he could not, because he was a Catholic, obtain the rank of colonel, &c., for in this institution they had all the grades of a regular army among them. All the officials, generally military men, were Protestants. The Protestant minister had his neat church, in which he could inculcate his doctrines of private judgment, and he had his 'well-selected' library, by which he could scatter whatever calumny and slander he pleased about the Catholic religion. But as truth itself has said 'there is nothing hidden which shall not be revealed,' so the doings of the Hibernian were brought to light by the action of the late Mr. John Francis Maguire, in Parliament.

"A commission was appointed to examine its many windings and report as to its condition. A Catholic chaplain, Dr. Leonard, now Bishop of Capetown, was appointed, by whose exertions, and those of the Cardinal Archbishop, civil and religious equality was obtained, and preserved for the Catholic orphans.

"\* \* \*."

Nothing would afford us more pleasure than to satisfy all our interlocutors individually; but we acknowledge the impossibility of

responding even to a tithe of them. Our only resource is then to furnish what little light we have collected within the past few weeks through the medium first selected. Fortunately, we have so far succeeded as to be able to furnish information to our querists from first hands. What we wish particularly to present our readers in the present article is a comparison between the printed declaration of the managers, and the observations of visitors, or the admissions of those appointed to escort visitors through the Refuge.

A short while ago we called again at the institution. After slight delay we were placed in charge of a gentleman whose business seemed to be to say as little as he could when direct information was requested; still we received sufficient admissions from him to amuse, if not to instruct. We do not, however, mean to claim infallibility for our guide, as the gentleman in charge\* gravely told us afterwards that the party who had been appointed to accompany us "knew nothing about the institution." Still we can scarcely accuse the manager of sending "blind guides," and we prefer to believe that the party who played usher for us did know something about the institution, as he shall help us prove before getting through with this article.

Arrived in the shops we asked our guide, "May we speak to the boys?" "No, sir; it is not allowed," was the quick response. As we had gone out of our way to visit this Refuge, we determined not to leave without getting some information about the boys, and so we ventured to continue looking at them for awhile, when our guide meekly informed us, "that he would be obliged to us if we would hurry up, as *they never allowed more than twenty minutes to visitors,*" espe-

\* Assistant superintendent.



cially, we suppose, if these came to see for themselves. We have so many things yet to learn that we are inclined to think the possibility of making this last declaration agree with some extracts from various reports. How does this muzzling coincide with the following?

"But above all, constant endeavors are made to quicken the moral sense, to cultivate the best feelings of the heart, and in short, to make the inmates feel that the House of Refuge is indeed a home, where, shielded from the temptations of a sinful world, and watched over by guardians solicitous for their welfare, they are trained for lives of virtue, usefulness, and respectability." (Report for 1871, Address by J. J. Barclay, p. 9.)

We must repeat what we asserted in our former article; it is barbarous to withhold from these juvenile convicts the poor privilege of a word with inquiring friends. What kind of a home is that in which silence is imposed in the manner against which we are protesting. Of what use are the invitations which we find in various reports, thus:

"They renew their invitations to the senators and representatives of Pennsylvania to visit this great school for the reformation of wayward and neglected children, and assure them of a hearty welcome. They will then have from personal observation a full opportunity of witnessing, at least in part, the good that the school is accomplishing. They will see a large and well-ordered family of young persons busily occupied in the workshops, the play-grounds, or school-rooms, acquiring habits of industry and a knowledge of the use of tools, or enjoying themselves in healthful exercise, and thus invigorating their constitution, or receiving that scholastic instruction

which is necessary for their success in life. If they accompany them to the refectory they will see them enjoying the nutritious food provided for them; or should they enter the chapel with them, they could not fail to be edified in witnessing the devout attention with which they listen to that instruction which is intended to make them wise unto salvation. A visit to their neat and well-ventilated sleeping-rooms cannot fail to be satisfactory. All here is well calculated to gratify the philanthropic legislator. How delightful must be his reflection that owing to him, at least in a measure, are these priceless blessings bestowed.

"A distinguished citizen of Baltimore characterizes the House of Refuge as 'One of the wisest of modern charities.'" (Report, 1871, p. 9.)

We are not a "distinguished citizen," nor do we ever expect to be a "senator or representative of Pennsylvania," and still we claim as good a right as either to see, and to be invited to see the "large and well-ordered family of young persons." We claim this right all the more as a taxpayer, since partly through us, at least in a measure, "these priceless blessings are bestowed." We must not be considered fastidious, since the managers claim "that two-thirds of these young persons, placed under their guardianship, and who were allowed to remain under their care a proper time, became respectable citizens" (Report, 1873, p. 7), and this, though up till the forty-second year of the institution's existence, "the accommodations would admit of nothing but the crudest classification!" What makes us more desirous of knowing how "two-thirds became good citizens," since "the managers find no little difficulty in procuring suitable situations for their wards, where they can be taught some useful trade."

(Report, 1872, p. 12.) Still further is our curiosity excited about those "two-thirds" when we study over the various reports from 1867 to 1873.

The compilers assert, with much sentimentality, "Many a soul, about yielding to that fatal recklessness consequent upon sin, has been saved by some kindly prayer, offered in his behalf, or the recital of the *wondrous story* of Jesus' love." But how are the Refuge boys taught to look upon this "wondrous story?" The wondrous story, if told of Jesus as a mere man, would amount to very little. How do our friends, the Hicksite Quakers, look upon Christ? Do they not deny His divinity? Still our guide informs us that "even Hicksite Quakers" had been allowed to talk about this "wondrous story" to children, two-thirds of whom are reputed the offspring of Irish parents.

The assistant superintendent allowed himself to remark that Catholic children would be allowed to confess "in case of danger of death," but that under other circumstances "it was not practicable." Catholics, said he, would not consent to teach on the "broad ground of morality," hence they were neither allowed nor invited to instruct on Sundays.

Another reason given by the superintendent why Catholic priests were not invited to instruct Catholic children in this Refuge, is that they (the priests) "would not preach, except in a blessed pulpit." We are almost inclined to believe this gentleman, who asserted that this guide did not know what he had been talking about, is equally at sea about Catholicity. Catholic priests would not teach in an un-blessed pulpit! Did not the saintly Timon preach in a *Masonic* hall in Texas; the courtly Cheverus in a Protestant chapel in Massachusetts, and the learned England in

his neighbor's conventicle in Charleston? Shame on those who try to cover their injustice to Catholic children under such groundless excuses.

The godless, broad-ground morality which this Refuge gives, is fully nurtured by the nature of the books kept in the "well-selected library." We shall not pollute these pages by even mentioning names; the managers have been called upon for a list of these books, which we were inclined to think were at first merely historical or moral. But we have since seen that a goodly portion of them consists of paltry novels, and a class of books in which "Almost a Nun" and "Fox's Book of Martyrs," may be taken as specimens. We would not even object so much that these should be used to fill up, were it not that the "Report" assures us, free access may be had by all the inmates able to read. There may be some consolation derived from the assertion of our guide that "the library is very little used." There is hope for these poor lads yet; their good sense in not using such trash proves their superiority to their keepers, who give it as their opinion that the library is very "select."

How then, in the face of such facts can the managers make such a flourish of trumpets, as we find in the following:

"The large room heretofore occupied by Messrs. Barnhurst & Robinson, as a shop, has been converted into a boy's reading-room. This room, though not yet furnished, is cheerful and commodious, and supplies a want, in connection with our accommodations, which we have long felt, particularly during the inclement seasons of the year. We hope soon to occupy this reading-room, and to make such arrangements as will serve to increase, in our youth, a love for the companionship of good books.

A love for good books cannot be too deeply impressed nor too highly appreciated. Though silent, they are powerful educators—human elevators. Their very silence adds force to their argument and power to their persuasive demonstration. The companionship of good books like the dews of heaven falling silently by night, *refresh*\* and *invigorate*. By them the mental powers are strengthened, latent thought kindled, and noble aspirations evolved. In this connection let me say, we are greatly indebted to those friends of the institution who furnish us so liberally with periodicals, both secular and religious. And we offer them this assurance, their gifts are gratefully appreciated, carefully read, and preserved in volumes, bound by the officers; they make as valuable and attractive additions to the libraries as any found on the shelves of the publisher. (How complimentary to the publisher's shelves!) The school committee has supplied a number of well-selected books during the year. The plan of supplying deficiencies—resulting from wear and tear—each year, instead of allowing the libraries to run down, is the proper one, and we are indebted to the committee for the benefit of this plan." (Report, 1872, p. 34 *et seq.*)

The Refuge library-books resemble in one respect, perhaps, the Refuge managers—their effect is silent, but all the more dangerous on that account.

Perhaps we are not doing the institution all the justice we should. Then we must blame our guide, who more than once requested us to "hurry up, as visitors were not generally allowed more than twenty minutes," to examine for themselves.

Among the donations of books and periodicals acknowledged, and therefore approved, we find in 1871:

\* Did the teacher of grammar review this paragraph?

Henry Peterson, Esq., Saturday Evening Post; American Tract Society, Illustrated Christian Weekly; A. M. Collins, Esq., twelve numbers of the London Sunday Magazine.

"We are indebted to Charles Wheeler, Esq., and other benevolent gentlemen, for a *full supply* of different Sunday-school papers" (1869).

The supply must have been full which precluded all popish papers, these not being approved by the committee, and by such action prevented more than half the inmates from learning anything of the doings of their church or its ministers. They may read "Fox's Book of Martyrs," but we are sure they would not be allowed "Butler's Lives of the Saints," or "The Young Crusader," or "The Little Schoolmate," "The Young Catholic," or any other equally interesting Catholic magazines or serials. These would keep up bigotry, say the managers, and broad-ground, or broad-brimmed morality is what our Catholic wards must learn.

Lest we should be considered as meaning to misconstrue the religious aspect of the Refuge, we will introduce paragraphs from various Reports, making comment wherever called for:

"The great truths of our *holy religion* are imparted to our youthful family, without sectarian bias." (Report, 1869, p. 9.)

What is meant by "our *holy religion*?" Has it no "sectarian bias," or does Mr. Barclay's consist merely of the "broad ground of morality?"

"The clergy of different denominations, and other kind friends, officiate in the chapels twice on Sunday. To them the managers return their thanks, for their gratuitous labors of love."

Are Catholics then not a "denomination?" We know we are



not a "sect;" or is this one of these general rules requiring the exception to Catholics, who have two-thirds of the numbers in the Refuge, that the rule may be proved.

"There is one thing on which all who are engaged in the work of reformation agree. It is this. No system, be it the most extended classification, or otherwise, can avail without the *example, guidance, and prayerful efforts of capable men and women in the work.*" (Report, 1870, p. 30.)

The managers forget that the broad-ground morality people, with Prof. Tyndall at their head, deny the efficacy of prayer, or at least demand tests, by which no anti-broad-ground moralists would think of tempting the Almighty.

"The greatest agency in our work, and on which we most rely, is Christianity. Christianity, which suggests and enforces that love for our kind, which is willing to sacrifice something for the sake of elevating and purifying depraved and neglected humanity. Christianity presents a pure faith and virtuous code of morals, which promises the best results to those who follow its holy guidance." (Report, 1870, p. 33.)

Again we would remind our friends who do not even refuse "Hicksite Quakers" a pulpit, that Catholic boys will not accept broad-ground morality. Despite the efforts of proselyting gospelmongers, the old faith will hold on, and if unfortunately it be removed, it will only be to make room for that broad-ground morality which accepts Christ as mere man, or Christ, as God, to be, one as good doctrine as the other. A *pure faith* cannot be an uncertain one, and where private judgment comes into play as *decider*, there impurity of faith must follow.

"To accomplish this (reforma-

tion) the constant effort is made to awaken them from their state of sluggish and criminal insensibility into a lively and intelligent appreciation of their responsibilities as moral agents. They are shown the path of duty, and urged to walk therein; with many their steps are very feeble at first, and the slightest obstacle will cause them to stumble and fall. They have much to contend and struggle with, even when making a vigorous effort themselves to throw off the burden of their sins; but when conscience appears not to be touched, and there is a stupid, and it might be said, a brutish indifference to all that relates to their highest interests, we can only persevere with the hope that our labors may yet be successful in giving them a pungent conviction of their moral defects, correct views of their relation to society, and the responsibility they are under to their Creator."

Supposing a Catholic boy, believing in confession as a means of remission of his sins, should ask to have a priest called, what then? Our enlightened superintendent assures us that the Irish lad would have to prove himself "in danger of death," or else he would have to *live on* in his sins!

Should any doubt have lurked in Catholic minds as to whether this Refuge is a proselyting institution, the following paragraph will place that question among the probabilities. We are ingeniously told how children were formerly sent out West thus:

"Previous to the war, we bound a large number in Illinois and Iowa, but the terrible civil strife that occurred had the effect of stopping our operations in that quarter. Many of our apprentices enlisted in the army with the consent of their masters, and others went without.

"There is no more suitable field

for indenturing our children to the farming business, than the West presents. It has some peculiar advantages. The lad is at once removed from all those evil associations which led to his treading the path of error. He is in a new country, and feels all the nerving influences of a new life. The panorama of existence without a shadow spreads before him; he realizes that the past is no shackle to hinder his onward progress, and that he can truly become the architect of his own fortune. In the West he has a chance to arrive rapidly to competency, to become a landed proprietor himself, which upon our thickly settled Atlantic coast is extremely problematical." (Report, 1872, p. 25, *et seq.*)

It would be an interesting question, could such be followed up, to ascertain how many of these apprentices were given to Catholic farmers. We will not ask the managers to answer it, for their horror of everything Catholic necessarily renders their action very decided in such cases.

One would imagine a certain league between the uncouth conductors of our street cars, and the managers of the Refuge, both are so hard on the newsboys, as may be inferred from this paragraph:

"Many of the boys committed here have been employed in blackening boots and selling papers. They are generally the children of worthless and intemperate parents. They frequently set aside all parental authority, and continue their business without responsibility to any one. Their life of a street *gamin* has peculiar charms for them, and thus it is they refuse the position of honest toil. Satisfied if they can earn or steal enough to procure their food, and any apology for clothing, they live on from day to day. Nightly they visit the galleries of the lowest places of amuse-

ment, and readily pick up all the ribaldry and obscenity prevalent there. They sleep anywhere, in cellars, sheds, boxes, or in the warm basements of newspaper offices. Every day we read of their deeds of crime, of stealing, of picking pockets, of robbery, and as they grow up into a stronger life, of burglary and highway robbery. If arrested and confined, they vitiate the minds of their associates with tales of their wild and irregular life, and as soon as they are free, return to it again with a renewed zest.

"This business should be under proper municipal regulation, permitting none over sixteen years of age to engage in it, and those under only by special license based upon evidences of good character. That something should be done to dissipate this gang of incipient criminals, seems to be a public necessity." (Report, 1872, p. 25, *et seq.*)

There is advice for our Common Councilmen. Would it not be better to have a law framed that every wife or maid-servant should polish her husband's or her master's shoes? This would be a more effective stop to the nefarious business of this gang of incipient criminals than the remedy proposed by the sages of the Refuge. The managers surely do not mean to say that it is less dangerous for those under sixteen than for those above that age. We freely admit, though that the Refuge is not the place to reform such lads, since as soon as they are free they return to their wild life "with a renewed zest."

But we are tired of dealing with an institution so un-American, in the city where the breath of Americanism first had legal existence; we must allow this home of bigoted intolerance to live on in the land where religious liberty is proclaimed to all; we must permit Catholics to slumber while these wolves in sheep's clothing devour the souls of

thousands who are brought up in this Refuge, either to forget their faith or to deny that they ever held it. Let Catholics remember that they are to blame in great part for this unwarranted state of affairs. Our share of the work has been done for the present. In waiting for better days for our Catholic waifs,

we can only pray to God that in His mercy He may look down upon and protect those whom Catholics fail to watch over, and Protestants eagerly seize upon as choice victims for that house of perversion so near the Infidel College,\* whose plan it so closely follows.

---

### MY BLIND SISTER.

#### I.

THIS was how I found it out. Lettie and I were sitting in the window at our work—it was some mourning we were making and it had to be sent home the next day early. She said, “Jane, it seems as if the sun had given up shining; how dull everything looks! don’t you think so?”

I did not notice it; there was still an hour’s daylight. She put up her hand to her forehead as if it pained her, so I bade her go out for a turn in the garden; we had sat close to our sewing all the day, and the young thing was tired; even I was, and my eyes ached wearily. She went along by the flower-bed, and gathered a few roses—we were in the middle of July then—and gave them to me through the window, saying that she would go down into the town for some trimmings we wanted to finish the dresses. I would rather she had stayed at home, and replied that the shops would be shut; but she was not listening, and went away down the path as I spoke. It was dusk when she came back; I had just shut the window, and was lighting my candle; she said, “I could not get the fringe, Jane,” and then laying her bonnet on the dresser, took up her work.

After she had sewed perhaps five minutes she dropped her hands on her knees, and such a strange, hopeless expression came into her face, that I was quite shocked and frightened.

“What ails you, Lettie? what can have happened?” I asked, suspecting I scarcely knew what.

She looked at me drearily in silence for some moments, and then said hastily, “I might as well tell you at once, Jane,—I’m going blind.”

My work fell to the ground, and I uttered a startled cry.

“Don’t take on about it, Jane; it can’t be helped,” she added.

“It is only a fancy of yours, Lettie; I shall have you to Doctor Nash in the morning. What has made you take such a notion into your head all at once,” said I, for I thought this was another nervous whim. Lettie had been a good deal indulged by our mother before she died, and had shown herself not a little headstrong sometimes, as well as fanciful.

“It is of no use, Jane; I have been to Doctor Nash myself, and he said plainly that I was going blind. I have been to him twice before: I knew what was coming. Oh, Janey! what shall we do?”

\* Girard.



what shall we do?" and having borne up thus far she broke down, and sobbed aloud, with her face on her arms on the table.

"We shall do very well. In the first place, I don't believe Doctor Nash knows anything about it; and, in the next, I shall take you to a great doctor, and hear what he says before I give in to thinking that you are to be blind all your days."

She was a little cheered by this.

"To a great doctor, Janey! but where is the money to come from?" she asked.

"Leave that to me. I'll arrange somehow." It was very puzzling to me to settle how just then, but I have a firm conviction that where there is a will to do anything, a way may generally be found, and I meant to find it.

She took up her work, but I bade her leave it. "You will not set another stitch, Lettie," I said; "you may just play on the old piano and sing your bits of songs, and get out into the fresh air—you have been kept too close, and are pale to what you were. Go to bed now like a good little lassie; I'll do by myself."

"But there is so much to finish, Janey."

"Not a stitch that you'll touch, Lettie; so kiss me good night, and get away."

"And you don't think much of what Doctor Nash said?" she asked very wistfully.

"No! I've no opinion of him at all." And hearing me speak up in my natural way (though my heart was doubting all the time), she went away comforted, and in better hope. I had put it off before her, because she would have given way to fretting, if I had seemed to believe what the Doctor said; but as I drew my needle through and through my work till three hours past midnight, I had often to stop to wipe the tears from my eyes.

There were only two of us—Lettie and myself—and we had neither father nor mother, nor indeed any relatives whom we knew. Lettie was seventeen, and I was four years older. We were both dressmakers, and either worked at home or went out by the day. We lived in a small, thatched, three-roomed cottage outside the town, which had a nice garden in front. Some people had told us that if we moved into the town we should get better employment; but both Lettie and I liked the place where we had been born so much better than the closed in streets, that we had never got changed, and were not wishful to. Our rent was not much, but we were rather put to it sometimes to get it made up by the day, for our landlady was very sharp upon her tenants, and if they were ever so little behindhand, she gave them notice directly.

I set my wits to work how to get the money to take Lettie away, but all that night no idea came to me, and the next day it was the same. With two pair of hands we had maintained ourselves decently; but how was it going to be now that there was only one! Rich folks little think how hard it is for many of us poor day-workers to live on our little earnings, much more to spare for an evil day.

## II.

SUNDAY found me still undecided, but that was our holiday, and I meant to see Doctor Nash myself while Lettie was gone to church. She made herself very nice, for she had a modest pride in her looks which becomes a girl. I thought her very pretty myself, and so did the neighbors; she had clear, small features, and a pale color in her cheeks, soft brown hair, and hazel eyes. It was not easy to see that anything ailed them, unless you looked into them very closely, and then there was a dimness to be

seen about them, which might be disease. She had put off thinking about herself, and was as merry as a cricket when she went down the lane in her white bonnet and clean muslin gown. She nodded to me (I was watching her from the doorway), and smiled quite happily. I was as proud of Lettie as ever my mother had been. She was always such a clever, warm-hearted little thing; for all her high temper.

When she was fairly gone, and the church bells ceased, I dressed myself in haste, and set off into the town to see Doctor Nash. He was at home, and his man showed me into the surgery, where I had to wait maybe an hour. When the Doctor came in, he asked sharply why I could not have put off my visit till Monday; was my business so pressing? He did not consider how precious were the work-days to us, or maybe he would not have spoken so—for he was a benevolent man, as we had every reason to know; he having attended our mother through her last illness as carefully as if she had been a rich lady, though we could never hope to pay him. I explained what I had come about, and he softened then, but would not alter what he had told Lettie himself.

"She has been with me three or four times," he said. "She is an interesting little girl; it is a great pity, but I do not think her sight can be saved—I don't indeed, Jane."

He explained to me why he was of this opinion, and how the disease would advance, more lengthily than needs to be set down here. Then he said he could get her admitted into the Blind Institution if we liked; and that I must keep her well, and send her out of doors constantly. And so I went home again, with very little hope left, as you may well think, after what I had heard.

I did not tell Lettie where I had

been, and she never suspected. There was no vespers that afternoon, and we were getting ready to take a walk along the river-bank, as we generally did on fine Sundays (for all the town went there, and it freshened us up to see the holiday people far more than if we had stopped at home reading our books, as many say it is only right to do), when one of our neighbors came in with her son. Mrs. Crofts was a widow, and Harry was studying medicine with Doctor Nash. They were both kind friends of ours; and, between Lettie and the young man, there had been for ever so long a sort of boy and girl liking; but I do not think they had spoken to each other yet. Lettie colored up when Harry appeared, and went into the garden to show him, she said, the white moss-rose that was full of bloom by the kitchen window; but they stayed whispering over it so long, that I did not think it was only that they were talking about. Then Harry went out at the gate looking downcast and vexed, and Lettie came back into the house with a queer wild look in her face that I did not like. Mrs. Crofts said, "Is Harry gone?" and my sister made her a short answer, and went into the bed-room.

"Harry is going back very soon; I shall be glad to have the examinations over and him settled. Doctor Nash thinks very well of him; he is a good young fellow, Jane." I replied that he had always been a favorite of mine, and I hoped he would do well; but, listening for Lettie's coming to us, perhaps I seemed rather cold and stiff; for Mrs. Crofts asked if I was not well, or if there was anything on my mind; so I told her about poor Lettie's sight.

"I've seen no appearance of blindness; Harry never said a word. You don't think it can be true?" she asked. I did not know

what to think. I was sure that, in that whispering over the rose-tree, my sister had told young Mr. Crofts; and I wished his mother would go away, that I might comfort her. At last she went. Then I called to Lettie, who came at once. She had been fretting; but, as she tried to hide it, I made no remark, and we went down the lane to the river meadows in silence. The first person we met was Harry Crofts. Lettie seemed put out when he joined us, and turned back. She stayed behind, and was presently in company with our landlady, Mrs. Davis, who was taking the air in a little wheeled chair drawn by a footman. Mrs. Davis had always noticed Lettie. Harry Crofts looked back once or twice to see if she was following; but, when he found she was not, he proposed to wait for her, and we sat down by the water on a tree trunk which lay there.

"This is a sad thing about Lettie's eyes, Jane," he said suddenly.

"Yes, it is. What do you think about them? Is there any chance for her?"

"Doctor Nash says not; but, Jane, next week Philipson, the best oculist in the country, is coming to stay a couple of days with Nash. Let him see her."

"I meant to try to get her to another physician for advice."

"There is nobody so clever as Philipson. Oh! Jane, I wish I had passed"—

"Do you fancy you know what would cure her?"

"I'd try. You know, Jane, I love Lettie. I meant to ask her to be my wife. I did ask her this afternoon, and she said, No; and then told me about her sight—it is only that. I know she likes me: indeed, she did not try to deny it."

"Yes, Harry, you have been so much together; but there must be no talk of marrying."

"That is what she says."

"She is right—she must just stay with me. You could not do with a blind wife; Harry: you, a young man, with your way to make in the world."

He tore up a handful of grass, and flung it upon the river, saying passionately, "Why, of all the girls in Dalston, must this affliction fall on poor Lettie?" and then he got up and walked away to meet her coming along the bank. They had a good deal of talk together, which I did not listen to; for their young hearts were speaking to each other—telling their secrets. Lettie loved him: yes, certainly she loved him.

### III.

DOCTOR PHILIPSON'S opinion was the same as that of Doctor Nash. Lettie was not so down-stricken as I had dreaded she would be, and she bade good-by to Harry Crofts almost cheerfully when he went up to the examinations.

"There, Jane, now I hope he'll forget me," she said to me; "I don't like to see him so dull."

That day Mrs. Davis sent her a ticket for a concert at the Blind Institution, and she went. When she came home to tea she told me that the girls and boys who sang looked quite happy and contented. "And why should I not be so too? what a number of beautiful sights I can remember which some of them never saw!" she added, with a sigh.

After this, imperceptibly, her sight went; until I noticed that, even in crossing the floor, she felt her way before her, with her hands out. Doctor Nash again offered to use his influence to get her admitted into the Institution, but she always pleaded "Let me stay with you, Janey!" and I had not the heart to refuse; though she would have had more advantages there, than I could afford her.

Not far from us there lived an old German clockmaker, who was besides musical, and acted as or-



ganist at St. John's Church in the town. We had known him all our lives. Lettie often carried him a posy from our garden, and his grandchildren came to me for patches to dress their dolls. Müller was a grim fantastic-looking figure, but he had a heart of pure gold. He was benevolent, simple, kindly; it was his talk that had reconciled Lettie, more than anything else to her condition. He was so poor, yet so satisfied; so afflicted, yet unrepining.

"Learn music—I will teach thee," he said to my sister. So, sometimes in our little parlor, and sometimes in his, he gave her lessons in fine sacred pieces from Handel and Haydn, and taught her to sing as they sing in churches. It was a great delight to listen to her. It seemed as if she felt everything deeper in her heart, and expressed it better than before: and it was all her consolation to draw the sweet sounds up out of that well of feeling which love had sounded. I know that, to remember how Harry loved her, gave a tenderness and patience to her suffering which it would else have lacked. She, who used to be so quick with her tongue, never gave anybody a sharp word now.

I do not say much about our being poor, though, of course, that could not but be; still we had friends who were kind to us: even Mrs. Davis softened, and mentioned to me, under seal of confidence, that, if I could not quite make up the rent, she would not press me; but I fortunately had not to claim her forbearance, or else I do fear she could not have borne to lose a sixpence; and when it had come to the point we should have had to go like others: she was so very fond of money, poor woman! Lettie used to go to the Institution sometimes, where she learnt to knit, and net, and weave basket-work. Our doctor (a better man never lived, or a kinder to the poor) had her to net

covers for his fruit-trees, fishing-nets, and other things; and to knit woollen socks for himself and his boys; so that altogether she contrived to make what almost kept her. Now that the calamity had really come, it was not half so dreadful as it had seemed a long way off. Lettie was mostly cheerful. I never heard her complain, but she used to say, often, that there was much to be thankful for with us. She had a quiet religious feeling, which kept her from melancholy; and, though I did not find it out until afterwards, a hope that perhaps her affliction might some day be removed. Harry had put that thought into her mind, and I do not think I am overstating the truth in saying that his honest, manly affection for her was the great motive to his working so hard at his profession, in which he has since become deservedly successful and famous.

We had six very quiet years. It seemed to me as if Lettie had always, from the first, gone softly groping her way, and I had always led her to church and back. We had not much change or variety at home. There was I forever at my work, and Lettie at her music. She had gained a great deal of skill now; and many a time have I seen a knot of people standing at the corner of our garden hedge to listen to her singing. I have heard several grand public performers since then; but never one who could touch my heart and bring the tears into my eyes as my poor blind sister did. On Sundays, at church, we could hear her voice, clear and sweet, above all the rest; for Lettie loved the grand church music, and often sang in the choir, at mass, and vespers. She said it made her feel happier and better, and more thankful to God. Perhaps in losing one sense, her enjoyment through the others grew more intense.

## IV.

At the end of these six years Harry Crofts came home. He was often at our house, and we liked having him; but, though Lettie seemed happy enough, he was uneasy and discontented. I have seen him stand beside the piano, and never take his eyes off her by the half hour together; but his face looked quite gloomy. At last he one day said to me, "Jane, are you timid? I do not think Lettie is. She seems strong and well." I knew he meant more than a simple inquiry after our nerves, and I asked if he thought he had found out a cure for my sister?

"Yes; I believe I have. I saw an operation performed in Paris on a girl's eyes similarly affected. It was successful."

I said not a word. The prospect seemed too good, too beautiful to be true! Just at this minute Lettie came in through the doorway; there was sunshine behind her, and she appeared to bring it into the parlor with her. "Are you here, Harry?" she immediately asked.

It was a strange thing, that, although she neither saw him nor heard him speak, she was at once aware of his presence. He got up and took her by the hand, and brought her to me. "Tell her, Jane, or shall I?" he whispered. I signed to him to speak himself, which he did without hesitation.

"Lettie, have you courage to undergo an operation on your eyes which may restore your sight?"

She clasped her hands, and such a beautiful color came flushing up into her face—you would have said it was like an angel's face, it changed so brightly.

"Oh, yes! anything, anything, Harry, only give me that hope!" said she, softly.

I looked at him questioningly to ask if he had not better warn her of possible disappointment, and he said at once:

"Lettie, I ought to tell you that this operation may fail, though I do not fear that it will. For my sake, Lettie," he added, in an undertone.

"Well, then, for your sake, Harry," she replied, with a low sigh. "Even if it should not give me back my sight, I shall only be as I am now."

They went out into the garden together; and, from the earnest, gentle way in which Harry talked to Lettie, I know that he was preparing her for what she had to undergo. She did not want for courage in any circumstances, and I did not look for her being weak now.

The operation was performed during the following week. Doctor Philipson and Doctor Nash were both present, but Harry Crofts himself did it. His nerve was wonderful. Lettie behaved admirably too; indeed, nobody was foolish but myself, and when it was over I fainted. It was entirely successful; my sister has her sight, now, as good as I have. For several weeks we kept her in a darkened room, but she was gradually permitted to face the light, and the joy of that time is more than words can describe.

Harry Crofts soon after claimed her as his wife; and really, to say the truth, nobody had a better right to her. The report of the singular cure he had made, lifted him at once into consideration; and, as he made diseases of the eye his particular study, he is now as celebrated an oculist as Doctor Philipson himself: many persons indeed give him the preference. The operation, then thought so much of, is now of frequent occurrence; Lettie's kind of blindness being no longer looked on as irremediable.

And this is all I need tell about our history; it is not much, or very romantic, but I am often asked about it, so I have just set down the truth.

## SPRING.

SPRING has been celebrated in glowing terms by the poets of all ages, but in the climate of North America, the weather is by no means so mild and delightful, especially in the early part of the season, as it is painted. In Greece and Rome indeed, which were the birthplaces and nurseries of our poetry, the temperature of the air, the pure blue of the sky, the soft green of the opening leaves, the thousand delicate tints of the flowers scattered profusely on swelling hill and sweeping valley, with the perfume they exhale, and the music poured from every grove, all unite to fill the senses with enjoyment. There the descriptions of the enraptured muse are true to nature, and the inhabitants of such latitudes feel that the language of poetry is only a transcript of their own sensations. But it is not so in more northern climates, such as our own. Our bards, indeed, equally kindle when Spring is their theme, but they glow with a borrowed warmth. Their taste and fancy, having been moulded by the Greek and Latin authors, almost unconsciously transport them to the classic ground from which their models drew their images, causing them to breathe, as it were, the same atmosphere, and to luxuriate in the same delicious climate. It would be more gratifying to the acumen of the critic, than pleasing to the feelings of the man of taste, to examine how much of the language and imagery of modern poetry relative to Spring, is drawn from classic ages and classic scenery, and then to estimate what remains of direct inspiration poured into the soul in this changeable and backward climate, from our own earth, and sea, and sky. We have no relish for such an

inquiry, though it seems to be almost forced on the mind in comparing the ethereal mildness and balmy sweets which breathe in Spring, as portrayed by our poets, with the actual experience of our atmosphere, and of the vernal productions of our native soil.

In the commencement of the season, winter not only lingers but rages. Our rivers, ponds, and lakes are still either rigidly bound by icy chains, or only partially disengaged from them; and in some respects the severity of the climate is frequently even more intense than during winter itself. Sometimes the tempest howls with redoubled fury, driving broad flakes of snow through the darkened air, and encumbering the wide earth with its drifted heaps; and while the herds on the low grounds stand forlorn and destitute of food, the flocks on the hills are in danger of finding a sudden grave at the bottom of the precipice, whither they have fled for shelter. At other times, the cold and sleety rain falls in torrents, carrying along with it the snow which it has melted in the mountains, and spreading dismay and ruin over the inundated valleys; and at other times, again, the hoar frost lies thick and chill, and spreads its snowy mantle over hedge and field, while the deep blue sky, and the sun rising in the glowing east, without a cloud, speak deceitfully of to-morrow's softness and beauty.

But notwithstanding the rigors of the climate, there are not wanting, even at the commencement of the season, interesting proofs of the advancing year, and harbingers of a more genial season. The day has already encroached on the long and dreary night, and the sun takes



daily a wider circuit in the heavens. The buds of many trees and flowers have begun to swell; the anemones are in flower, and the crocus spreads its cloth of gold on the sheltered borders; and most interesting of all, the snowdrop, which had for weeks burst through the rigid soil, has now opened its chaste and delicate blossoms to the chilly breeze, and seems to vie in whiteness with the winding-sheet of winter, from which it derives its name.

Among the feathered tribes, the rooks are beginning to obey the first law of nature, and their incessant notes of enjoyment, mingled with the bustle of preparing for the important duties of incubation, everywhere attract the attention of the lovers of nature. The croaking raven, led by a congenial instinct, selects some venerable tree, where she may build a nest; and the sweet songs of the woodlark and chaffinch, mixed with the mellow tones of the blackbird, from the neighboring groves, delight the ear; while the wren, the titmouse, and hedge sparrow, flutter from spray to spray, and utter their varied notes of gladness, as the sun sheds his warmer rays on wood and field, giving the promise of approaching mildness and fertility. "Turkey-cocks now strut and gobble; partridges begin to pair; the house pigeon has young; field crickets open their holes, and wood owls hoot; gnats play about, and insects swarm under sunny hedges; the stone curlew clamors, and frogs croak."

These indications of the advance of Spring precede more unequivocal symptoms of awakening nature. The sun continues longer above the horizon, and the weather, though still unsettled, is sufficiently dry to evaporate the superabundant moisture poured on the earth, at the commencement of the season, in the form of rain or snow, and to favor the various processes of vegetable

life, which are now in active operation, while it prepares the soil for the labors of the husbandman.

The animal tribes now find a delicious repast in the sweet and tender herbage which begins to clothe the sheltered valleys with its soft verdure; and among the innumerable sources of enjoyment which this most interesting of all the seasons affords, perhaps there is none which sheds so sweet a pleasure over the benevolent mind as the universal gladness which, as the weather becomes more genial, sensibly pervades everything that lives. There is a kind of mysterious sympathy which seems to pass from tribe to tribe of the animated world, and to unite them all in one common hymn of gratitude and praise to the bountiful Giver of all good. The lowing of the cattle as they browse on the green fields; the bleating of sheep from heath-clad hills, while their new dropped lambs sport near them, exulting in the consciousness of young existence; the hum of the industrious bees, as they fly from flower to flower collecting their sweet food; and the varied notes of love and joy, pouring from bush and brake, all unite in one harmonious and spirit-stirring chorus. Nay, inanimate nature itself seems conscious of the general joy, and as the sun breaks forth from the genial shower, every blade of grass sparkles in his beams, wood and meadow smile, and the very silence of the clear heavens and swelling earth utters the voice of enjoyment.

The gradual progress of Spring indicates beneficent design. There is an obvious and studied preparation conducive to the salubrity both of animal and vegetable life. Were the change from winter to spring to be sudden, the constitution of organized existences, such as we find it in our latitude, would receive so violent an impulse, as would be attended with many injurious con-

sequences. There is here, therefore, a wise adaptation; but the proper way of viewing it is, not so much to consider the climate adapted to these existences, as them to the climate. There are necessarily great varieties of climates from the equator to the Arctic circle, and in them all we discover a most admirable fitting of the produce and living inhabitants to the conditions of their respective localities; inso-much as, that changes, which would utterly destroy the plants and animals of one climate, only tend to give vitality and health to those of another. For example, fatal effects would ensue in our climate, were the alteration from Winter to Spring to be sudden. And yet nothing can easily be conceived more rapid than the change of temperature from intense cold to genial warmth, in Siberia and other regions verging on the Polar circle; and there the conditions of the animal and vegetable world are such, that the violent impulse is just what was required to bring them hastily into life, and enable them quickly

to fulfil their various functions during their few and fleeting weeks of summer. In the whole economy of nature, there is scarcely anything more worthy of remark, as indicating a designing cause, than this species of adaptation, by which the powers of life are suited to the varying conditions of climate. There is, indeed, something extremely satisfactory, as well as peculiar, not only in this respect, but in the whole plan of creation, exhibiting, as it does, so much uniformity, combined with such variety, a uniformity as to general design, which might even be supposed to indicate poverty of invention, were it not for the amazing skill with which that general design is modified and altered, so as to be rendered suitable to change of circumstances and conditions, the former by its analogy, marking unequivocally one contriving mind, the latter by its endless variety, displaying the all-pervading wisdom and beneficence of unwearying energy and never-exhausted resources.

---

### THE MONTH OF MARY.

BLOOMING flowers and singing birds  
Hail the month of May;  
The springing leaves and sunshine  
Fairest tributes pay.

Every little bright-winged bird  
Its sweet story sings;  
Every flower and blossom gay  
Richest perfume flings.

And every leaf upon the trees,  
Every dewdrop fair,  
Every whisper, hushed and still,  
Of sweet summer air,

Tells the same soft pleading story  
To Mary, full of grace—  
How her children, so far from her,  
Long to see her face.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**THE LIFE OF J. THEOPHANE VENARD, MARTYR IN TONQUIN; or, What Love Can Do.** Translated from the French by Lady Herbert.

**THE LIFE OF HENRY DORIE, MARTYR.** Translated from the French of Abbé Baudry, by Lady Herbert. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1873.

St. Joseph's College, at Mill Hill, England, is a large seminary for the training of young ecclesiastics for the special duty of the foreign missions, and Lady Herbert, the well-known English authoress, is one of the most ardent patrons of this noble institution. She endeavors to give a practical proof of her sympathy by the publication of what is known as the Foreign Missionary series of books, the profits arising from the sale of which are devoted to the college in question. The two works on our table are the latest issues of this series, the lives of two of the French missionary martyrs who suffered by the recent bloody persecutions in China and Corea. We might, from the fact that these books are mostly compiled from the letters of the sainted priests themselves, almost designate them as autobiographies. Lady Herbert has evidently selected her subjects with a view of animating the young English seminarists, and even young laics, with a spirit of enthusiastic zeal to emulate the example of their French brethren. Certainly she could not have selected lives better calculated for her purpose than those whose soul-touching histories are before us—lives whose strength sprang from the sweetness of that divine love which influenced their every action.

We think that, apart from the main effect for which these books were intended, we can discern the secondary one, scarcely less important, of popularizing in the public mind what it too often regards with a careless eye, if not as almost a subject of ridicule for its supposed chimerical tendencies, namely, the Foreign Missionary movement. With the former advantage to be gained by those who are destined to bear abroad the gospel of peace, and the latter by the devout Christian in the world, we cannot too strongly recommend to both classes the perusal of these biographies.

**CHURCH DEFENCE.** Report of a Conference on the Present Dangers of the Church. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1873.

Would anybody ever imagine from the above title that there was anything in this book that was not serious? Would anybody suppose from the appropriate extract from Shakspeare's "Tempest," which graces the title-page—

"Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind."

Could any one credit, we repeat, that the "storm brewing" was a storm of laughter, not of terror; that the "singing i' the wind" was only the merry premonitory whistle of that prince of religious jokers, gay Dr. Marshall, backed by the rising chorus of pealing mirth from the future readers of his latest squib against the Anglican Catholics (!) Spurious specimens of Catholicity have no reason to love the Marshall brothers; for while one of them, under the appropriate Germanized name of "Herr Frolich," is slaying with the sword of keenest satire "*The old Catholics at Cologne*," the irrepressible Doctor, under the dignified title of "*Archdeacon Chausable*," is never easy unless he is tilting his well-sharpened goose-quill against the "Anglican Catholics" nearer home; while the poor victims, like Goldsmith's village boys,

"Full well they laugh, with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke has he."

But how much longer are these mirth-provoking sallies to continue? Surely the "*Comedy of Convocation*" was enough. Surely *My Clerical Friends* more than enough; but "No," says the Doctor, "on with the dance," *Canon Lightwood* and *Prebendary Smiles*, *Archdeacon Softly* and *Rev. Silas Trumpington*, the *Professor of Chaldee* and *Prebendary Creedless*, *Dean Marmion* and *Rev. Mark Weasel*, *Archdeacon Tennyson* and *Rev. Cyril Hooker*, the *Bishop of Dorchester* and the *Bishop of Brighton*, a lively double cotillion, dancing, "with solemn step and slow," over the ruin of their *quartered church*. Representatives, these gentlemen, of every shade of that church's belief—*High Church*, *Low Church*, *Broad Church*, *Ritualist* and *Anglican unattached*, all keeping time to the Doctor's solemn



baton. No wonder if there should have arisen a doubt as to whether Mr. Weasel *did wink at Dean Marmion* during the entertainment. Of course he did. How could so jocund a gentleman help it? or how can anybody help winking his whole face into "one vast substantial smile," who studies the performance of these reverend disciples of Terpsichore from the pages of *Church Defence*.

TENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC PROTECTORY to the Legislature of the State and to the Common Council of the City.

In this Report, covering some eighty closely-printed pages, we have an account of one of the greatest charities of modern times; one to which Catholics throughout the country point with pride, and whose workings some of the best minds in the land are now studying. From this pamphlet we glean that visitors are welcome at all hours, and every facility will be given to examine the workings of the institution. There are about 1300 boys and about 450 girls. The great fire which destroyed the buildings of the female department has prevented the complete carrying out of the Sisters' views, but the Brothers' department for boys has surpassed all expectations. The pamphlet before us is evidence of their skill in the printing department, as are also *The Little Schoolmate* and *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, all published in the Protectory printing-rooms. Brothers have been sent from this establishment to open a similar home in Quito, South America, and the rector, Brother Teliow, has been called to several places to give advice in the starting of similar enterprises.

Brother Teliow is a practical man; and how completely he refutes the charges that have been made against this institution by its enemies, will be seen by the following extract from the Report before us:

"For the better information of the public, it may be well to state that the success of the New York Catholic Protectory does not result from the immense appropriations which we are falsely accused of receiving from the city treasury, as some would have it, but rather from its beneficial and economical management.

"The city vouchers show that two similar reformatory institutions, the House of Refuge and the Juvenile Asylum, received respectively \$210,000 and \$195,000 for building purposes, while our institution was granted but \$100,000.

"And in this connection it will not be

irrelevant to state, that the inmates of our Protectory exceed numerically the united totals of these two institutions by SEVEN HUNDRED, whilst our *per capita* allowance is equal to that only of the last mentioned of them, viz., the Juvenile Asylum.

"Our success must proceed, then, from a different source, namely, from economy and the harmonious working of our system."

WILD TIMES. A Tale of the Days of Queen Elizabeth. By Cecilia Mary Caddell. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1873. Received through Peter F. Cunningham, 216 South Third Street.

We are of opinion that in order to insure the success of this work it would be only necessary to say that it is from the same gifted pen which gave us, some years ago, that most charming of Catholic novelettes, *Blind Agnes*, which, albeit a simple little story, has deservedly ranked in profundity with those widely different works, Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola* and Father Boyce's *Shandy Maguire*. But lest we should be accused of arguing only by analogy of the merits of Miss Caddell's present work, we will say that we were quite unprepared to expect from her so brilliant a romance as *WILD TIMES*. The narrative displays a richness of scenic description, an easy flow of fine dialogue, a graphic portrayal of character, and a fertility in the invention of startling episodes, which, without impairing the originality of the work, mark it with a strong similarity to some of the finest pages of Walter Scott. The days of Queen Bess were indeed times to try the souls of men of faith, and the able manner in which our authoress has depicted the heroic constancy of the faithful Catholics in contrast with the debased meanness of the world-blinded recreants of that period, is not the least of the recommendations of this novel. The story is interspersed with several fine poetic gems; *The Gipsies' Chorus*, *The White Rose*, and *The Song of the Lily-Bells*, adding very considerably to the attraction of some of the more effective passages. The binding is neat, and sufficiently beautiful to make the book an adornment for a drawing-room table.

CONSTANCE AND MARION, OR THE COUSINS. By M. A. B. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1873.

An interesting little tale, in which love and controversy are very neatly combined. The scenes are laid in Ire-

land and England, and the story is particularly to be commended for its smooth and graceful diction. It has the common fault, however, of too many Catholic stories, *namely*, that it is too elevated for young readers, and almost too trifling for older persons, except for its controversial passages.

THE NORMAL ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC. By Edward Brooks, A.M.

THE NORMAL ELEMENTARY SPELLER. By A. N. Raub, A.M.

AN ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By William Fewsmith, A. M., and Edgar A. Singer.

ELEMENTS OF ALGEBRA. By Edward Brooks, A.M.

A FAMILIAR COMPEND OF GEOLOGY FOR THE SCHOOL AND FAMILY. By A. M. Hillside.

We have received all the above from Messrs. Sower & Potts, of Philadelphia, and find pleasure in stating that Prof. Brooks has done real service to the cause of education by his very *practical* books on mathematics. We are too theoretical in all our school-books, and whoever attempts to correct the above must and will receive the gratitude of conscientious teachers. The *Elements of Algebra* and of *Arithmetic* bear evidence of considerable insight into the wants of intermediate schools. The practical problems are numerous and all to the point. The binding of the *Algebra* should be improved; for boys who once take up this book will use it so much that it will soon go to pieces in its present dress.

We would like to speak approvingly of the *Primary Speller* and the *Elementary Grammar*, but we cannot see any great or even small improvement in these volumes over their predecessors in the same field. Their principal if not only redeeming quality is their brevity, which may recommend them to county and primary schools. We almost despair of seeing a really good grammar for schools published till other influences are brought to bear on publishers and teachers, while we doubt, in common with many teachers, if there is any need whatever for special books on spelling. Practice makes

perfect, more in spelling than in anything else. This may be obtained from ordinary readers. We defer noticing the *Compend of Geology* till we shall have fully examined it.

THE NESBITS, OR A MOTHER'S LAST REQUEST. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1873. Received through Eugene Cummiskey.

This short, but well-written story, shows forcibly the trials and temptations to which young men are exposed at their advent into the world of business or social life. Everywhere, in the counting-house, the salesroom, at the festive board, on the public thoroughfare, or in the private circle, dangers beset them which require the constancy of a hero to baffle and overcome. Fidelity to sound parental instructions, to the teachings of a Christian education, and to the sacred observances of the Church, can alone prove invincible arms for such a combat. This is the lesson that this little tale very beautifully conveys. The plot, unlike that of many similar tales, is full of interesting detail and romantic adventure, which will naturally make the book attractive to that class of readers for whom it is specially intended, but who could scarcely be induced to peruse such a work under its ordinary phases.

The book also contains two shorter tales; one of which, *The Little Sister of the Poor*, we cannot too strongly condemn, for the reason that it encourages the growth of that trite vulgarism that a convent is a resort for unfortunate girls, who cannot, from want of personal qualifications, or the possession of a sufficiency of this world's goods, fill their desired places in society. It is time that such nonsense was suppressed; and while we believe that Madam Craven, in her popular and beautiful tale, *Fleurange*, has done a great deal towards this end, we cannot but regret that there are Catholics who not only believe such stuff themselves, but actually encourage the sentiment in others, and even, as in the present instance, under what purports, judging from the language of the preface to the book, to be ecclesiastical sanction.







